

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A CHANCE FOR A YOUNG BRITON

See
Page
Four

NEWS FROM A PARIS SHOP

THE BAKER'S WIFE AND THE BEGGAR

A Little Word in the Right
Place at the Right Time

THE BIBLE FROM THE ATTIC

From a Paris Correspondent

One of our Paris correspondents sends us this story of something that has lately happened in the everyday life of the French capital. It is perfectly true as we give it.

This is one of those lovely stories which occur again and again in big cities and show the power of a right word at the right time.

It was during the busy time of the day in a baker's shop on the Paris quays. As usual Madame, the baker's wife, presided at the cashier's desk. She was a big, strong woman with the air of assurance which is given by success. Her shop was always crowded with people, and all the year round she made money with apparently no effort. Everything in life necessary to happiness seemed to be hers. Could anybody want more?

The Timid Request

A customer, who was eating one of the delicious cakes for which the shop is famous, sat near the counter, looking on. She noticed an old woman outside the shop who timidly opened the door, hesitated, and came in. Then, summoning up courage, she hobbled to the cashier and whispered that she would be grateful for a little piece of bread.

"I don't give away bread!" answered Madame. "I have had enough of giving. I would have to do it all day long if I listened to every beggar!"

The customer could hardly believe her ears. Never had it occurred to her that anyone could refuse to give away a slice of bread, especially a baker whose shop was full of loaves. However, it was true, for the old woman crept out, bowed with humiliation and disappointment. She had not had courage to ask again, and had seen the uselessness of trying to awaken any compassion in Madame.

A Sudden Change of Heart

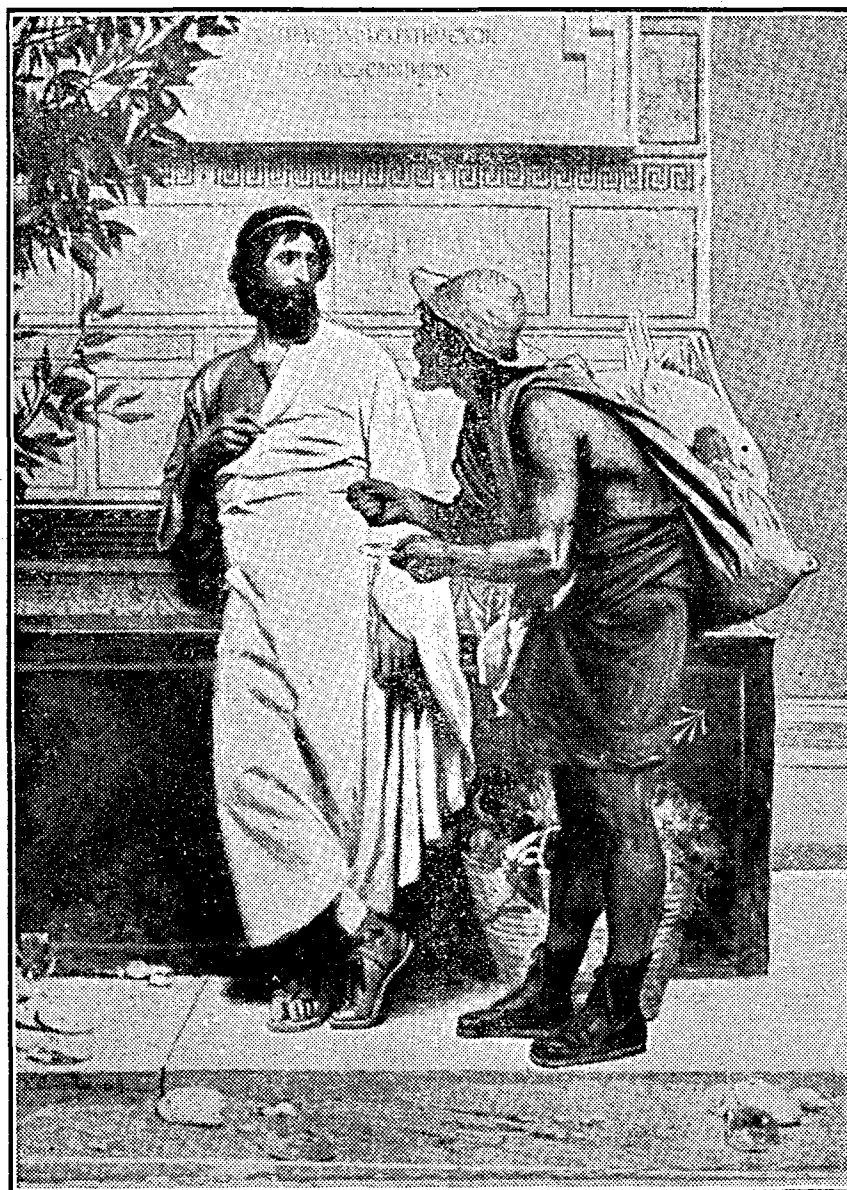
But the customer eating the cake could keep silent no longer. She jumped up and went to the desk.

"Have two pounds of bread weighed and rolled up in paper as you would for anyone else, and let that old woman have it!" she said, and after this was done she added:

"Now do please give her a piece of bread yourself! You must not have such a fault on your conscience as to have refused a little bread to one in need."

Was Madame's sense of responsibility suddenly awakened? Was she afraid of a scene in the shop, or did she wish to please a customer? Whatever it was, she became as gentle as a lamb. She went herself to cut some bread and,

Aristides and the Voter



This painting shows the incident—referred to in the next column—when Aristides wrote his own name on a piece of pottery for an illiterate man who wished to vote for his banishment to exile. Such a piece of pottery has just been found in a well at Athens.

calling the woman back, she handed her gift to the poor creature, who beamed all over with gratitude.

The beggar went away, and the customer went home.

Several weeks later the same customer passed this shop again and went in to have a cake. She was busy selecting one when, looking up, she saw the baker's wife, who spoke to her.

"I am glad you have come again. Madame," she said. "I feel I owe you a debt of gratitude, and I welcome this opportunity of thanking you for what you did the other day. It was brave of you to speak to me like that, and your reproof was not in vain. I don't know how it was, but something happened. When I got home an inner voice urged me to look for an old Bible in the attic and to find what it had to say about refusing bread. There I read in Job:

Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink, and thou hast withholden bread from the hungry . . . Therefore

snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee.

"In a sudden illuminating flash I saw that if we would try to correct our faults we should have less trouble. It had never occurred to me before, but now I am studying the Bible every day. There may be a lot of good things in it, after all."

It was a happy moment for the customer, and all was more than well.

THE COAST LIFE-SAVERS

The new coast life-saving corps which was formed last year by the Board of Trade has made excellent progress.

Already more than 5000 members are ready to take up their duties at a moment's notice.

The object of the corps is to assist shipwrecked mariners around our coasts. It will help the coastguard authorities to locate wrecks and ships in distress, and to see that sailors in distress at any point off our shores receive aid.

TRUTH FROM THE BOTTOM OF A WELL

A VIVID PIECE OF HISTORY

The Names on the Pottery
Found in Athens Market-place

ARISTIDES THE JUST

When a schoolfellow has offended us very deeply we put him "in Coventry," as we say, or have nothing to do with him for a definite period of time, sufficient to purge his offence.

Grown-up men and women sometimes act in the same way, and call it social ostracism. The word comes from the Greek for pottery, and a very remarkable find in a well in the ancient market-place at Athens has brought before the world once more the origin of the word when used in this way.

Secret Ballot For Exile

From this Greek well archaeologists have taken three broken pieces of pottery, and on them have found the names of three Athenians—Aristides, Themistocles, and Hipparchus. These broken bits of pottery are full of tragic memory, for they are the sentences of banishment from their city of the most famous of the sons of Athens.

When the Athenians wished to get rid of a leading citizen the citizens, under a law of Cleisthenes passed in the sixth century B.C., assembled at one end of the market-place and held a secret ballot as to whether he should be exiled from the city. Each citizen who wished for the banishment picked up a fragment of pottery and cut on it the name and patronym of the victim: they were then counted.

He Wrote His Own Condemnation

Two stories are told about the ostracism of Aristides—one that, when a voter was asked why he voted as he did, he replied that he was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just; the other that one of the voters had much difficulty in spelling the name of Aristides, who, seeing his difficulty, was so fair-minded and had so keen a sense of justice, that he willingly consented to write his own name on the pottery for him. How strange it would be if it were that very fragment that has now been found!

Truth is said to hide herself at the bottom of a well. We all welcome these rare little messages from the deep wells of the Past which come to us from time to time. Now one has come from a well indeed, from the very well by which the event took place of which it tells; and it is a vivid little bit of history that it brings us. Who knows what may not be brought to light before this century is out? Perhaps the very letters of St Paul may be found somewhere; perhaps (who knows?) something, some day, of the very writing of Jesus.

Picture on this page

BRIDE OF CHEQUERS

The Prime Minister's Daughter
STORY OF THE MARRIAGE OF TWO YOUNG DOCTORS

Nobody dislikes publicity more than Miss Joan MacDonald, whose wedding will take place at the pretty Congregational church of Wendover, near Chequers, soon after the appearance of this number of the C.N.

But it is not every day that a bride is seen at Chequers, and only goodwill, and not curiosity, is the motive of what is written here about the marriage of the daughter of a great Prime Minister. The C.N. welcomes this opportunity of congratulating Miss Joan and wishing her a very happy future.

It will be a useful one, too, we feel sure, for Dr Joan of Downing-Street told a friend of the C.N. the other day that she would like to keep up her medical work to a certain extent, preferably when it is to do with children's ailments. She would certainly not wish to make a full-time business of it when she is married, but would put her marriage before her degree.

A Bit of Scotland

Both bride and bridegroom are doctors. It is two years since Dr Alistair Uilleam Mackinnon qualified as M.B. and Ch.B. with distinctions which very few win each year; and, as we announced a short time ago, Dr Joan Margaret MacDonald's degrees are also M.B. and Ch.B. Both have typically Scottish surnames, and there is only a year between their ages, the bridegroom being 25 and the bride 24.

Dr Mackinnon was born in South Africa, where his father was a doctor, and he lived there till he was eight. Both his father and mother came from Skye.

It was in January, 1930, that the bride and bridegroom first met. They worked in the same ward of the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh, and their engagement was announced in September of that year.

The minister who is coming over from Skye to marry them is an old friend of the bridegroom's father. There will be other Scottish friends there, and when the pipers play in the bride Wendover will seem to be a bit of Scotland. The streets will be gay with bunting and banners, for the people are determined to give a welcome to the bride from Chequers, who will drive from there with her father to the church.

Holiday Memories

It seems but yesterday that the writer saw Joan MacDonald as a schoolgirl at Wroxham, where the MacDonald children used to spend their holidays with their aunt Miss Agnes Gardner King, the clever artist and writer who wrote in the C.N. monthly her memories of Lord Kelvin, her famous uncle.

Hartwell was the name of the old-fashioned Wroxham house, standing in a beautiful riverside garden; it was a second home of this family after the death of Margaret MacDonald, who was a favourite niece of Miss King. Their hostess knew the secret of making the children enjoy themselves, for they were allowed, so long as they conformed with such rules as appearing at meals, to do exactly as they liked.

GLUE NEWS

The value of the Department of Scientific Industrial Research is again illustrated by its report on Adhesives.

Among the most interesting items is the work done in showing that excellent glue can be produced from fish. Dr Kernot shows that it is now possible to produce fish glues which are odourless. This is of great industrial interest and importance, because the British fishing industry is a great one. There seems no good reason why a big industry should not be based upon this report.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN

A SCHOOL MESSAGE

What Happened in Preston a Hundred Years Ago

JOSEPH LIVESSEY AND HIS WORK

This message has just been read in the Preston Schools in connection with the centenary of the Seven Men of Preston who started the temperance movement 100 years ago:

The England of 1832 was a much less desirable place than that which we know today. This welcome change has been brought about by a gradual learning of the greatest of all lessons—how to live!

100 years ago it was commonplace to believe that perfect health and social enjoyment were impossible without intoxicants. Drunkenness was rife, and the poor were made even more wretched by an unwise spending of time and money on strong drink.

A Small Boy in a Cellar

To Preston comes the honour of acting resolutely for the sake of health, social welfare, and good citizenship. Exactly 100 years ago (September 1, 1832) an incident happened in Preston which is remembered all over the world.

There was a man living in Preston at that time named Joseph Livesey. He was born at the nearby village of Walton-le-Dale, and under a shop in the main street (marked by an inscribed tablet) there can be seen today the cellar where as a small boy he worked at a loom, weaving and reading at the same time, for he was a studious lad.

Later he came to Preston to live, where he became a cheese merchant. He was shocked by the drunkenness he saw everywhere, and decided that the only way to get people to be sober was to persuade them to give up drinking beer as well as spirits. Joseph Livesey gave up drinking beer and found he was all the better without it. John King made the same decision, and on August 23, 1832, these two men pledged themselves not to drink either beer or spirits.

A Great Crusade

Just a week after there was a meeting at the Preston Cockpit, near the Parish Church. At this gathering seven men signed the pledge. The names of the Seven Men of Preston which have thus gone down in history are:

John Gratrix, Edward Dickinson, John Broadbent, John Smith, Joseph Livesey, David Anderton, and John King.

This happened on Saturday night, September 1, 1832. It was the beginning of a great crusade, for Livesey and his friends went round asking men and women to sign this new pledge.

Joseph Livesey was a citizen of whom any town would be proud. He helped Preston in many other ways. When the Cotton Famine came he persuaded the Town Council to make a public walk along the banks of the River Ribble to provide work for hungry men and their families. When Preston Bank closed its doors and many thought they were ruined, Livesey showed how it could be re-opened, thus preventing much suffering. When coal merchants robbed the poor he stopped their cheating by supplying the people with coal.

Seven to Seven Millions

He started schools for teaching reading and writing, reading rooms, gymnasia, games rooms and many other amenities; in fact he was always doing all he could to give people what was beautiful and desirable, and trying to shield them from drink.

Joseph Livesey spent a long life in helping other people, especially the very poor. Among all his good works, however, the greatest was to write out the Teetotal Pledge 100 years ago.

Preston has good reason to be proud of the Seven Men, and especially of Joseph Livesey, who is known as the Father of Teetotalism, for the Seven Teetotalers of 1832 have become more than seven millions in 1932.

A VISIT FROM INDIA

New Team Comes to England

The Indian Cricket Team will take back with them many pleasant and very happy memories of their four months in England.

They have done well considering the effect the change of climate has had on most of them, and they are leaving behind them good feeling and a better understanding between their country and the lovers of sport over here.

Now we are having a visit of quite a different kind of team. It consists of only four players, all Indians, three men and one woman. They have not come to fight us in any way, or to compete with us in winning trophies or cups; but they wish to tell us from their own experience, and that of their own people, what Christianity has done for them. They come at the invitation of the Churches of Great Britain.

The visit marks a great change in outlook. Henceforth the West will no longer only give, but will also receive help from the East.

Leading the team is an Indian bishop, Rev J. S. C. Bannerji, and with him are an Indian Presbyterian minister, Miss Nyein Tha, a lady from Burma, and a layman who is principal of an Indian college and a member of the ancient Syrian Church of Travancore.

A BRAVE OLD MAN

How He Kept His Birthday

It was William Scott's 72nd birthday, and this is how he kept it.

A dairy farmer named Cottam was leading a bull to a field when the animal turned on him, knocked him down and gored him.

William Scott saw it, and did not run for help. Unarmed, he ran up to the furious bull, and, picking Cottam's walking-stick from the ground, he beat the animal about the head.

Of course the bull could have killed him, but it was so astonished that it turned tail instead.

Then the old man turned to the farmer, who seemed to be dead. However, the brave deed was not in vain. A doctor was able to revive Cottam, and now his wounds are healing. He only escaped fatal injuries because William Scott came so fearlessly to the rescue.

RUSSIA'S HARVEST

Grave Fear of Famine

So low is this year's yield of corn in the great grain-growing areas of Russia that there is already fear of famine during winter and spring.

As a matter of fact there have been deaths from famine in Russia this year owing to a shortage in the crops last harvest.

There has been bad weather in the Lower Volga district, and rust and weeds have impoverished the crops in the Ukraine.

What will happen if the Government collects crops for export cannot be contemplated with any peace of mind.

THIS FOR REMEMBRANCE

Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

Wordsworth

When the funeral of Superintendent D. C. Howgate of the Criminal Investigation Department was taking place at Hull one unknown mourner stood with the rest.

He was a man who had been a convict, and he came uninvited to pay the last tribute of gratitude and respect to the man who had given him a chance to redeem himself and become an honest member of the community.

If ever there was a wreath laid on a man's grave, this invisible one should be called one of the most beautiful.

EFFECTS OF AN UNSEEN SHADOW

THE ECLIPSE AND RADIO WAVES

Astronomers Disappointed but Wireless Experts on Tip-Toe

HEAVISIDE LAYER

The eclipse of the Sun at the end of last month proved a great disappointment to the astronomers who assembled in their hundreds in North America to witness that great spectacle.

The eerie effects of darkness sweeping over the face of the Earth were, of course, theirs to experience; but so dense was the pall of cloud that the Sun's amazing fireworks were witnessed by very few.

But this eclipse will be remembered as the first to awaken the interest of students of another branch of science, and when the calculations have been made there is not much doubt that there will be many rejoicings in laboratories.

The rejoicers will be the physicists interested in the action of the electric particles discharged by the Sun which affect wireless waves.

Excited Speculation

These scientists were able to watch the effect of the eclipse 2000 miles from the path in which the eclipse was visible to the eye or the telescope. The shadow of the Moon thrown on the Earth by the Sun promoted the same excited speculation in the minds of both groups of scientists; but because the wireless experts were studying its effect on the outer layers of a ball of much vaster circumference the time of the effect was two hours earlier for them and the situation of England was well placed for observation.

The problem, briefly stated, was to see if the eclipse had the same stimulating effect on wireless as night has. Long wireless waves are reflected back to Earth by the Heaviside layer, which is about 60 miles above the Earth. There is another layer about 200 miles up. Short waves go through the lower layer, and some even through the upper, being lost to Earth altogether.

Mysterious Corpuscles

Now the breaking-up of atoms in the rare upper air produces electric particles which ionize it and affect the radio waves. The Sun is the ionizer, sending out two agents, one light itself and the other certain mysterious corpuscles which travel at a slower speed than light.

This difference in speed meant that their shadow beam would lag behind the visible shadow beam and affect the Heaviside layer two hours before the eclipse is seen.

If the wireless waves have been found to be affected at that hour scientists will know that it is these mysterious corpuscles which really cause ionization in the Heaviside layer, and will be able to develop the art of wireless transmission according to this new knowledge.

THINGS SAID

England began here.

A Deal Magistrate

Play and work with all your might.

Sir Arthur Bann

Slums are luxuries we cannot afford.

Mr G. Lathan

Human machinery has not stood the strain as well as my engine. Mr Mollison

Civilisation must break new ground or it is doomed. Commissioner Lamb

When my father and mother celebrated their golden wedding all their 15 children were alive. Charles S. Nicholl

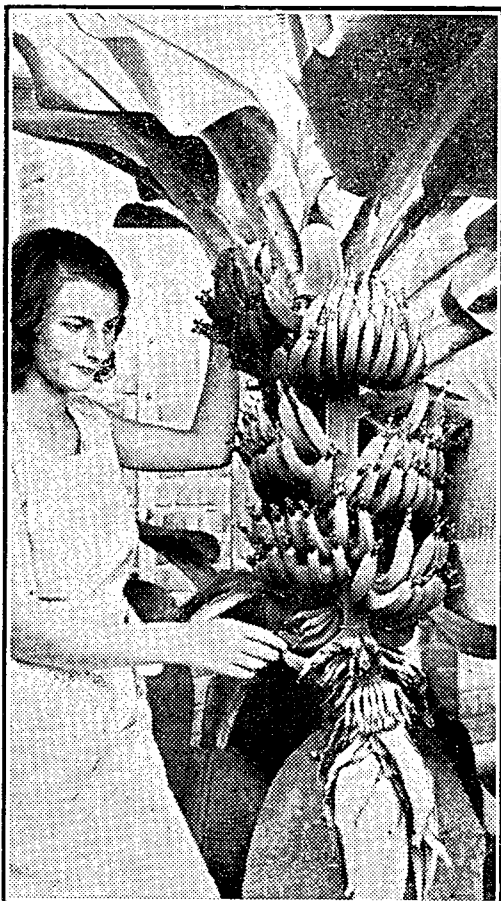
Righteousness is part of the content of my own mind, the only reality I know.

Sir Daniel Hall

ROBOT ELEPHANT · SOUTH AFRICA IN LONDON · KENT BANANAS



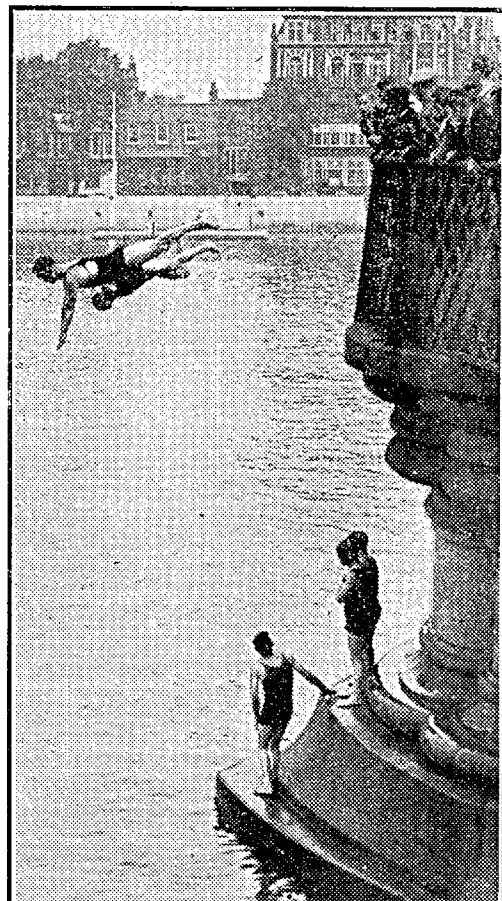
Drummers on Parade—A great band composed of representatives from nearly every regiment in the Army will take part in a tattoo at Manchester on September 28. Here we see the Scottish drummers who lead the band, which is rehearsing at Kneller Hall, the Royal Military School of Music at Twickenham.



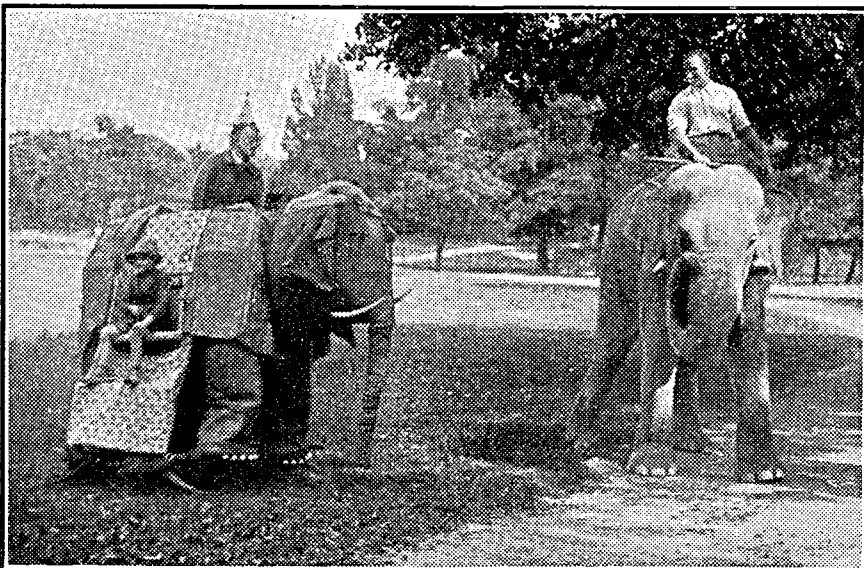
Kent Bananas—A farmer at Crockenhill, near Swanley Junction, has succeeded in growing these splendid bananas in one of his glasshouses.



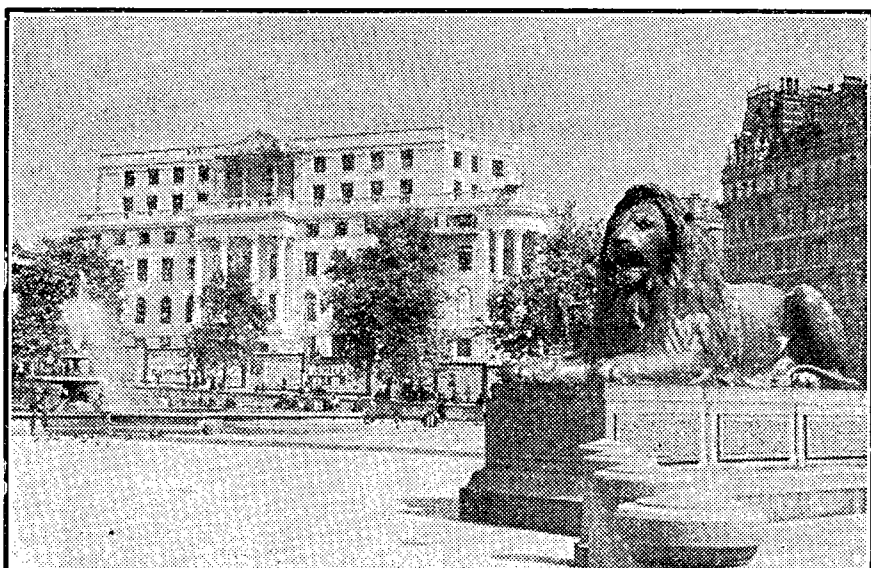
Giants in Belgium—Here are two of the grotesque figures representing Goliath and his wife, seen in the procession of giants which is a feature of the carnival held every year at Ath, about 30 miles from Brussels.



Thames Divers—It is not often that diving from a Thames bridge is seen, but these youths gave a very interesting display at Hammersmith the other day.



Robot Elephant—The other day a strange newcomer made its appearance in the grounds of the Paris Zoo. It was a robot elephant, which, driven by a 5 h.p. motor, walked about in a most realistic manner, to the surprise of the real elephant.



South Africa in London—Trafalgar Square has another splendid new building, South Africa House being nearly complete, as this picture shows. In the foreground of our picture is one of the Landseer lions at the base of the Nelson column.

THIS MAD WORLD TRADE MARCHING TO A STANDSTILL

Astonishing Figures of the
Great Depression

THE ESSENCE OF THE MATTER

The League of Nations has surpassed itself in publishing, before the end of August 1932, a world economic survey carried up to July 1932. This is an object lesson in publishing on which the League must be congratulated.

Among the serious facts reported is the amazing decline of world trade between 1928 and 1932. The imports and exports of 45 countries are examined, representing 90 per cent of world trade. The imports and exports of these 45 countries, counting in millions of dollars, for the first four months of the two years 1928 and 1932 were as follow:

	1928	1932
Imports	2539	1109
Exports	2256	980

We see how international trade has been largely killed, the exports actually falling in four years by more than half.

Such are the grave facts with which the forthcoming World Trade Conference will have to deal.

The position is that the civilised world has been developed largely to depend on international transfers of goods. Having arrived at this development the international transfers have broken down, so that a world which has come to depend so much on international trade no longer carries on that trade in anything like the old degree.

Multiplying Barriers

While the world consisted of countries which lived almost entirely on their own produce no such trouble could arise. Now, having created a civilisation which largely feeds and grows upon international trade, the most terrible distress is caused by the abandonment of that trade. Yet every country without exception has multiplied the barriers which divide it from the rest!

It is a situation which cannot continue, and can be ended as soon as the nations decide that they are to take effective measures to allow international trade to be resumed. That is the essence of the matter, and it is bound up with:

1. The abolition of war debts and war reparations, because they kill international trade.
2. The reduction or abolition of the Customs tariffs which have been deliberately erected to prevent international trade.
3. The establishment of an international money system without which international exchanges become difficult or impossible.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE HUMANE KILLER

Newton Abbot is doing its share in giving a push to the wheels of 20th-century progress.

It has been taken off the Black List, for the Humane Killer has been made compulsory by its Council. Hitherto the mechanical killer had only been used for small animals, not for bullocks.

The people of Newton Abbot are proud of their Council for getting something done instead of shilly-shallying about the matter. The value of bodies of opinion is shown by the fact that it was largely through letters received from the Newton Abbot Rotary Club, the R.S.P.C.A., and the local Toc H that the matter was seriously considered.

"The next thing to hope and pray for (writes a Newton Abbot correspondent) is the total extinction of cruel rabbit traps, which are still displayed in hundreds in the shops in our town."

OLD CHUD THE MAN THE EAST END LOST

Great Spirit Behind a
Great Mission

RELIGION FOR EVERYBODY

Chudleigh. A Triumph of Sacrifice.
By R. G. Burnett (Sharp, 3s 6d).

It is only a few months since Frederick W. Chudleigh, the moving spirit of the East End Mission, passed on, but his admirers were so many that it is not surprising to find a book already in print telling the story of his wonderful life.

Old Chud was the name by which he was known (with no disrespect) by hundreds of East End children, and today it would be difficult to count the happy families who but for his help and inspiration would have been still living in squalor and misery.

A Lover of Music

This brilliant Wesleyan minister was an accomplished musician. He loved Nature and an open-air life, and was never happier than when managing a sailing-boat; but he turned his back on everything he loved and gave 25 years of his life to work among the poor of London. Above all he was the children's friend.

He started life as a shopwalker in his father's large drapery establishment at Bristol. But he was too shy and sensitive and far more interested in music than in silks and satins to make a success of the work. At 18 he met a remarkable personality, S. E. Keeble, the well-known Methodist minister. He made friends with his son, and in a short time had decided to join the ministry.

Work in the Shetlands

Early in this century Chudleigh was appointed minister in the Shetland Islands, and here, as in all other work he attempted, he made his mark, breaking down the barriers of reserve of many of the fisherfolk. He founded the first boys club in the islands. It was here that he met Peter Fraser, a twelve-year-old boy who had had a tragic life. He took him to live with him at the manse, and eventually Peter became an artist and married Mary Chudleigh, the sister of his friend. Before Chudleigh left this work in the North another chance encounter affected his destiny.

One day a steamer arrived, and Peter Thompson, the celebrated Chief of the East End Mission, landed for a holiday in the Shetlands. Through meeting him Chudleigh came to London, and once he had worked in the slums he spent the rest of his ministry trying to better the conditions of the tenement-dwellers. When Peter Thompson died he succeeded him at the East End Mission.

The Children's Friend

As long ago as 1910 Chudleigh was experimenting with the use of the cinema in church work. He set up a primitive apparatus in an old chapel and ran the reels of film off into a bucket. After the war, when he had started his gigantic task as head of the East End Mission, which was crippled with debt, he made some bold ventures in this direction. After fighting much opposition he managed to set up a cinema in Stepney Central Hall.

In doing this his chief object was to bring Christianity to the indifferent multitudes, but he also aimed at keeping children on week-days out of the dangerous streets. Within a few days of the first performance there was an audience of a thousand boys and girls a night at the Penny Pictures. Through knowing these children he grew to know their parents and thus brought the mission into their homes.

Chudleigh's powers of organisation were shown in many other ways. He never spared himself, and his health broke down through excessive work; when only 54 he passed on.

SEARCHING A GLACIER WITH A LAMP

Brave Men of the East

A notable tribute to men of the East is paid by a man of the West in a report of an accident sent to the Himalaya Club.

The principal representative of the Club in Kashmir tells how Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Stoehr and Mr D. M. Burn, R.E., with a shikari and a coolie left their camp one morning on a mountain near Panjtarni, hoping to cross a glacier and meet Mrs Burn, who was to travel by an easier route to Panjtarni.

Evening came, and the lady waited in her new camp in vain. At six o'clock the shikari and coolie turned up. They had begged the officers not to descend by the dangerous north face of the mountain, where the peril was greater than usual owing to strong wind and heavy rain; but the officers had persisted, and had ordered the shikari and coolie to go back and follow Mrs Burn's route.

A Terrible Fall

She now ordered the shikari and some coolies to search the glacier with a lamp. It was, says the writer of the report, exceedingly brave of them to venture on the glacier at night.

They were not able to find the officers; but they found them the next day. Both men had fallen a thousand feet and been crushed against the rock.

An appeal for help was sent by a brave coolie who took a dangerous route to save time, and finally the bodies were recovered and carried home.

The report says that owing to the coolies' great pluck and the most willing and efficient aid by State officials the bodies reached Pahlgam the same evening, having been carried 25 miles on foot.

FINE WORK BY AFRICAN SCHOOLBOYS Better Villages

A schoolmaster friend of the C.N. in Kenya who read our paragraph on Going to School in Africa does not agree that there is danger in teaching the native children to become clerks, mechanics, teachers, and so on, instead of farmers.

Although it is true that a few boys trained as masons and joiners fail to return to their villages most of the others go back, bringing with them new and enlightening ideas.

Those who have qualified as teachers go to the village schools scattered through Kavirondo, and eventually become the leaders of the different communities. They make folk more careful of the water they drink, encourage them to revive their old handicrafts, to cook their food better, grow their produce in better ways, and grow more fruit and vegetables. And they make them see the importance of speaking more straightforwardly in councils.

These are only a few of the improvements that take place. Our reader tells us that a competition is now being held in his school, where the boys are taught that school is of little use if it does not make the scholars different people in their home surroundings.

Valuable prizes are being offered to boys who have already made the most difference to their villages, and masters will visit these places and inspect the conditions, the trees, flowers, vegetables, agriculture, granaries, cattle, horses, sanitary conditions, and everything that has been done to improve village life.

THIS DANGEROUS COUNTRY

It is doubtful if the primitive inhabitant of these islands, when each man's hand was against the other's and wild beasts still roamed the forests, went in greater peril on his ordinary daily avocations than the British citizen in the year of grace 1932, as he walks or rides the streets bent on his normal business.

Sunday Times

CHANCE FOR A YOUNG BRITON AN INDUSTRY WAITING

Organiser Wanted For Our
Own Watches and Clocks

WHY NOT BRITISH TIME?

The British census of watches and clocks shows that while our home manufacture of these articles increased in the six years 1924 to 1930 we still import nearly all the watches and clocks we use.

The number of complete British watches made in 1924 was only 4070 and in 1930 it grew to 6770. These figures are so insignificant in relation to our enormous population that, as nearly everyone now carries a watch, it is clear without further inquiry that the watches we use are mainly imported.

The trade records prove that this is so. In 1930 we actually imported over six million complete watches.

The Foreign Clock

It is much the same with clocks. In 1930 we actually imported 3,595,000 complete clocks in addition to 1,497,000 complete clock movements to put in British cases.

It is not a little surprising that some enterprising person does not organise British watch and clock manufacture on a great scale. There is no reason in the world why such things should not be made here.

Not infrequently British retailers are reproached by their customers for not stocking British watches and clocks. It will be seen, however, from the facts we have given, that very few British watches and clocks are actually made.

The problem of cheap and efficient production has, as we all know, been solved satisfactorily in the motor industry, in which the British product more than holds its own. The work has been done by men who realise that the buyer is entitled to expect a well-made and well-finished article at a moderate price. The solution of the British watch and clock problem is surely to be found on the same lines.

EDITH BROWN

A Worker of Miracles

Who has heard of Edith Brown?

Only people in trouble, mothers whose boys have run wild, girls who have been tempted to steal to feed a hungry baby, men who are struggling to keep decent homes together in spite of tipsy wives.

For 26 years Edith Brown was a missionary at the West London Police Court, and now she has died, having, as the magistrate said, spent all her life in the service of others.

She was the ideal missionary, he added, sympathetic but never sentimental, broadminded, full of common sense, and possessed of a knowledge of human nature. Above all, she had an enthusiasm which never wearied. That was why she was able to help people to get over their troubles and start afresh.

Without faith nothing can be done: unless Edith Brown had believed in them these unhappy folk would never have believed they could begin life anew and live down their shame.

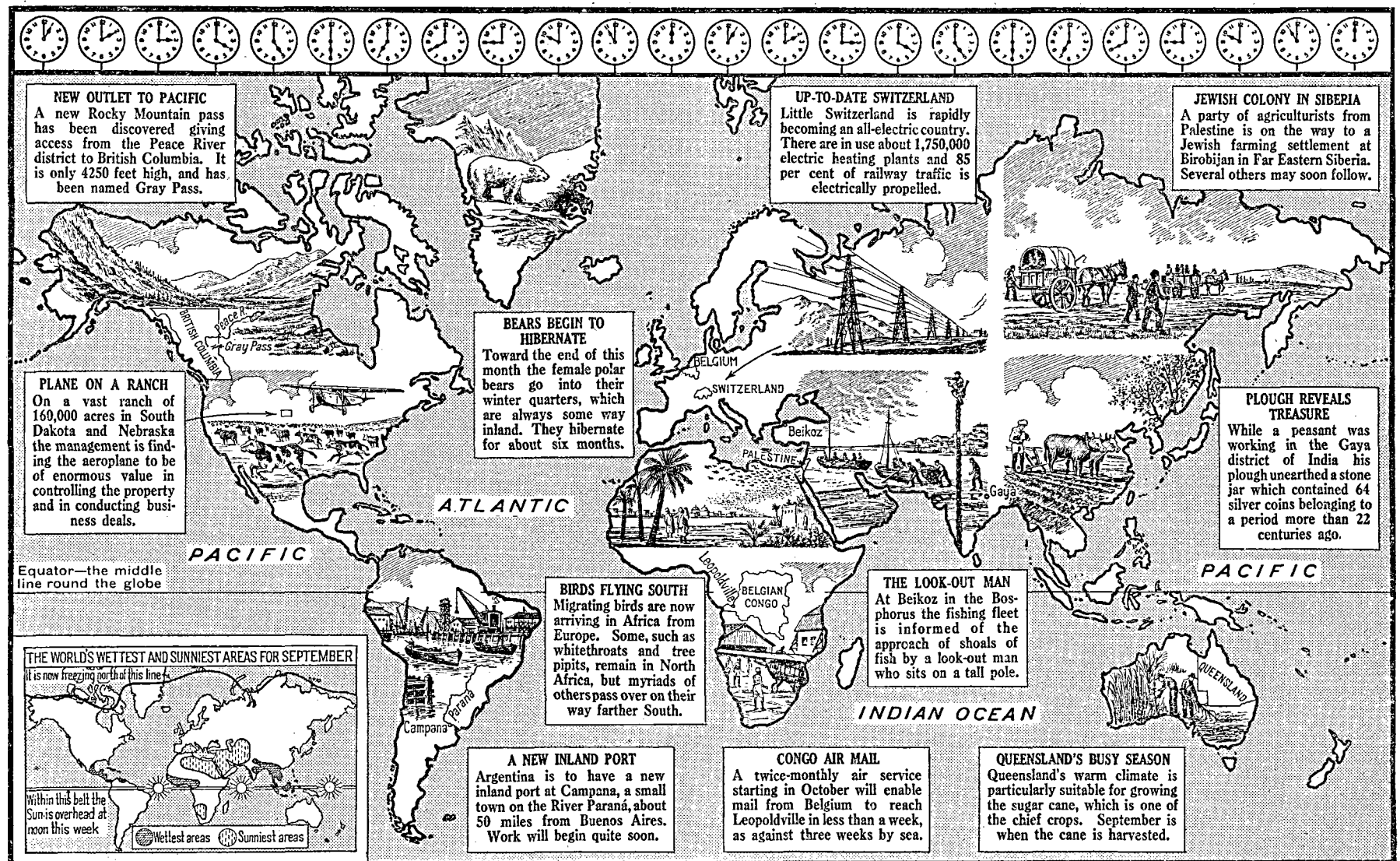
She was one of those modern saints who move through the world unknown, yet working miracles among the lowest of men.

TWO MORE DEBTS TO BE PAID

The Treasury has announced its intention to repay in December the money lent to the State at 4½ per cent interest in two of its large loans.

The total sum amounts to over £155,000,000 and a new loan at lower interest will be floated in its place. The saving of interest will amount to about £2,000,000 a year.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A MONUMENT FROM KENT FOR OTTAWA Story of a War Memorial

There is a moving story behind the great Canadian War Memorial which is to be shown in Hyde Park for three months before it is taken to Ottawa.

An open competition was held, and the winning design for the memorial was sent by Vernon March. He was a Yorkshireman, the youngest of a family of seven, and country folk believe that the seventh child is always lucky. But after winning the competition and working on the memorial for four years Mr March died without seeing it finished. That was two years ago.

His five brothers have worked on it ever since, determined that his dream should come true in bronze and granite.

Through a narrow granite arch come marching nineteen bronze giants, representing every unit of the Canadian forces who served in the Great War. On the top of the arch are figures of Victory and Liberty. Thus it will be in Ottawa.

Plaster will represent granite in Hyde Park, but the figures, each weighing a ton, will be the actual figures made at Farnborough in Kent for Ottawa.

Picture on page 9

POEMS AND BOOTS

Boot-cleaning seems rather a dull job, but it need not be. There is at least one poet who finds his inspiration in it.

The prize poem at Trawsfynydd Eisteddfod was written by Richard Alun Jones, who is boots at an hotel on Cardigan Bay.

He loves poetry, but he knows that he could not live on it, so at first he worked in a quarry; and then, when that employment failed, he found a job in an hotel.

All day long he is too busy to think of poetry, and his composing time is from midnight till three in the morning. He finds his themes while he is polishing boots and is the only one awake in a sleeping world.

A LITTLE BIRD STOPS THE FLIGHT OF TIME

"Time flies," said someone in an Essex garden.

"Does it?" a bird exclaimed jealously. "We will soon put a stop to that! First fish had the impertinence to copy us, then men, and now it is Time."

Soon the people in Wickham Bishops were asking one another what could be the matter. The church clock chimed the half-hour, and then chimed and chimed again as if it meant to chime for a hundred years. But the hands were stock still.

Then someone discovered that a bird had dropped a piece of string, which had become tightly wound round the hands and stopped them at the half-hour.

HE DID WHAT HE LIKED

Mr Christopher Richardson has died at Wickham in Durham.

No one has ever heard of him outside his village, yet we think he would have been the very man for the king who could only be cured by wearing the shirt of a completely happy man.

He was said to be the oldest working gardener in England, and was 93 when he died.

How he must have loved his work! Long ago he could have retired upon a pension, but he did not want to do that.

This working-man spent his whole life doing what he liked to do. He was luckier than any king or president in the world today.

A CAT AND A DOG

When Vic, a terrier dog at Combe Martin in Devon, was killed by a motor-car, Dinkie, a tabby cat, died very soon after. The two had been fast friends, playing together and sleeping in the same basket. Dinkie would leave half her milk for Vic, and Vic shared dainty titbits with Dinkie. After the death of the dog the cat refused all food and drink, and died in a few days.

They now rest in one grave.

THIS KIND WORLD 50 Boys Have a Good Day

A correspondent in Wales sends us a little note which may have been missed in the newspapers.

At this year's Eisteddfod a cheery party of 50 boys arrived by bus at Port Talbot. Nobody among the vast crowds guessed who they were.

All of them had a thoroughly happy time, and went about as they pleased in the grounds and in the pavilion. Later on in the day they came together again and took the seats reserved for them at the evening concert. They were some of the most enthusiastic among the audience.

Little did people think, as the jolly party set off homeward, that their destination was a Reformatory School.

Sir William Jenkins and Police Superintendent Rhys Davies had arranged this treat for them. They were allowed to discard their Reformatory School dress and to wear their own clothes. The belief of their hosts that to get the best out of such boys was to trust them and treat them kindly was justified, for at the roll-call taken after their hours of freedom not one was missing.

It is unlikely that any of the boys will forget this act of kindness.

THE HORSES AT THE FAIR

It is a sign of the times that of the 300 horses brought to Lee Gap Fair this year only 20 or 30 were sold. The rest jogged home to their stables with very gloomy farmers on their backs.

Lee Gap Fair is 50 years older than Barnet Fair. It has been held at West Ardsley in Yorkshire since the reign of Henry the First. Those were the days! think West Ardsley folk.

No one could travel or trade or plough without horses then.

Nowadays steam and petrol do the work of horses, and the glories of the great horse fairs dwindle more and more.

This year one of the horses sold at Lee Gap Fair fetched only 30s.

THE NOISY AGE Stupendous Waste of Health and Wealth

By Professor Spooner

Noise is the heaviest overhead charge in modern business, and the cost in human wastage may conceivably exceed £50,000,000 a year in Great Britain alone. Were the facts more generally realised there would be an active campaign against noise.

Another very serious aspect of noise fatigue is the great loss due to the impairment of working capacity and efficiency in City life, and the further loss due to illness and accidents caused directly and indirectly through working in an atmosphere of noise.

As to men of affairs, principals and executives, their capacity for clear thinking, hard work, and energetic action is without doubt weakened perceptibly by the incessant, if unconscious, strain upon the system caused by the din of typewriters and adding machines, and from the babel of noise reaching their offices from outside.

Another aspect of the noise problem that seems to have escaped the attention of economists is the alarming depreciation in the value of house property and land on and near the main traffic routes of the cities and towns.

THE BLIND BEGGAR

A short time ago a Braille bulletin on gardening was issued by the National Institute for the Blind.

Letters received in London have told how much the information has been appreciated by blind garden-lovers in many parts of the world. From Ethiopia came a story of a native blind beggar. On learning to read and write Braille the man gave up begging for a living and opened a school in Addis Abbaba, where he now teaches other blind people. Among his subjects are the making of mats and baskets, and now he has added gardening.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 17 1932

All About a Cow

SOMEbody has made the amusing suggestion that it has become necessary to exhibit at our Zoological Gardens a cow, a goat, and a pig.

This may sound like a jest to some people, but the suggestion is something more than humorous. The man who made it had just had an enlightening experience. He had found that certain London children were very well acquainted with railway trains, turbines, and even aero-engines, but that they had never seen a cow!

One boy said he thought he had once seen the picture of a cow, but not one of the boys could describe one accurately. Asked where milk came from, they could give no answer; but one eight-year-old from Bermondsey volunteered that the cow was an animal with a funny inside, a sort of tank full of milk. Asked about our friend the goat, the boys were found to know even less about that than about the cow—if that were possible.

So strange are the results of most of our people being crowded into towns, where life is purely artificial and where such things as bread and milk and meat appear in the shops without causing any great curiosity about their origin.

What shall we say of life and of education when a child grows up to think an engine wonderful yet to know nothing about a cow? The most wonderful engine ever invented is a childish toy when compared with the living miracle we call a cow. Are the real wonders of life becoming lost and false wonders taking their place?

Real life, we fear, is also lost and a false life lived in an environment of ignorance.

The cow story may be matched by another. An unfortunate man at a hospital died by swallowing foliage from a yew tree the branches of which could be reached from his bedroom window. The death was investigated, and a doctor gave evidence that he knew of the existence of the tree, but did not know it was a yew, because he always imagined the yew to be a shrub!

So, again, we realise how natural and beautiful objects are fading from our minds. Life is encased in streets and brick and steel and concrete, decorated with advertisements, and blended with noise. This done, we call it a civilisation, forgetting that we are losing life itself.

Let us rejoice, then, in any movement or development which helps to restore to the people of the towns the things they have lost and helps children to be friendly and familiar with the open sky and the wind on the heath.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Is America Recovering?

A NEW note of hopefulness has been sounded in the United States.

Prices show some recovery and there are symptoms of renewed confidence.

America needs only confidence to regain all and more than she has lost. Her magnificent resources are unimpaired and she has within her own borders the means to organise a wealthy life.

Nothing in the world-distress has been more remarkable than America's loss of faith in herself. American territory produces most of the things required by civilisation. She is the greatest coal country, the greatest iron country, the greatest oil country, the greatest copper country, and the greatest cotton country, to say nothing of her possession of magnificent supplies of many other desirable things.

That such resources should be so badly handled as to lead to depression is a curious comment on human affairs, showing that healthy minds are needed to handle even the finest stores of natural wealth.

Does It Pay To Educate?

DOES it pay to educate the North African? To get a reliable answer a certain missionary in Natal applied himself to an investigation of facts.

How were his pupils satisfying their employers? Of 185 cases investigated there were reported by their employers as:

Worthless ..	0	Good ..	80
Poor ..	7	Very good ..	56
Fair ..	14	Excellent ..	28

Many of the employers were not sympathetic to missionary endeavour, so that this frank answer is all the more encouraging.

A New Friend

WE like that story, a true one, arising from one of the latest motor accidents.

In one of the children's wards of a hospital lies a small child who was the victim of it.

She is a pathetic little object, her head swathed in bandages, a leg slung in one direction, an arm stretched out in another. It is in circumstances only though that she is poor, not in courage or character.

The other day the driver of the car concerned (a very attentive visitor) stood at the side of her cot and, rather embarrassed, tried to say how sorry he was that the accident should have happened.

Then he saw two blue eyes turned eagerly up to him and heard seven lovely words. They were spoken by the child, and they were these:

Never mind; I've made a new friend.

Keep your face to the sunshine, and the shadows will fall behind you.
On a sundial

A Way They Have in Japan

A TRAVELLER from the East reminds us that the ceremony of launching a ship in Japan is rather an interesting one.

They do not break a bottle over it as we do in this country, but suspend on the prow of the ship a large cardboard cage filled with birds. When the ship begins to float a cord is cut which opens the cage, and immediately the birds fly away, filling the air with music, saluting the entrance of the ship into the world of living things!

His Hope is Sure

Blest is the man whose heart and hands are pure.
He hath no sickness that he shall not cure,
No sorrow that he may not well endure:
His feet are steadfast and his hope is sure.
John Addington Symonds

Tip-Cat

A DOCTOR says there is more in fruit diet than meets the eye. We, too, have found a few maggots.

WALKING-STICKS are going out of fashion. Because nobody will take them out.

LONDON streets are full of trees, someone has noticed. Even the shops have branches.

GIVE me the jazz music of today, says a musician, rather than the sentimental music of yesterday. Well, why don't they?



If a goat ever reaches the end of its tether

MANY women now order out sizes in garments, says a clothier. And take them in.

THE owner of a big car says small cars are a nuisance. But he mustn't run them down.

A WELL-KNOWN author mistook a police court for a library. He was brought to book.

MAKING a basket is fascinating work, declares a lady. You can throw yourself into it.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

DURING Army manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain 25 cups of tea were sold for every pint of beer.

A TRAMP with twopence in his pocket found a wallet with £6 in it and took it to the police station.

TWO men have been lowered 550 feet over Beachy Head to rescue a dog.

JUST AN IDEA

Power is never a good thing unless he is good who has it.

Buckfast Abbey

The faith that may move mountains may also build for us, as these good Benedictines have shown us.
Sir Max Pemberton

HERE worked six brothers with a smith, a little patch of sod, A mason and some granite stone, a homely horse and cart, Building from dawn to set of Sun a temple unto God, Building as though some fire flamed in each undaunted heart.

IN Devon land when now they hear the distant Abbey bell In the deep coombes, or on the tors, of Matins and of Laud, Today, and in the years to be, will folk of Devon tell How once was beauty building here while men destroyed and warred.

LET us forget in Buckfast's peace that olden scar and stain, And offer praise for those who build in peace, remembering That strength shall dwell in quietness, and Rheims is whole again, And a great church lifts high her head among the Devon ling.
Marjorie Wilson

The Summer Flowers

By Our Town Girl

OUR English flowers help to make The loveliness of Earth, And though they die in winter-time Each year we see their birth.

THEN must we guard their beauty lest

Into these fields of ours One future day the children come Who know not English flowers;

LEST they are told: One day our land

With living gems did shine; Once honeysuckle and wild rose Did hand in hand entwine;

EACH year, once, bluebells washed our woods,

A blue and rippling tide, And, though their beauty was for man, Through man's rough hands they died.

Over the Garden Hedge

THE florist who invites us to send our greetings in flowers is only making a new fashion out of an old habit.

The flower language, which existed long before there were florists, will last as long as there are gardeners.

From a garden overlooking a village street in Wiltshire the other day came an unexpected greeting, meant for a lady passing by. Someone called "Catch!" and over the top of the hedge came sailing two enormous bunches of sweet peas. The lady was just quick enough to catch them before the smiling brown face of the cottage gardener popped up from behind the hedge. "You be welcome to them," he said. "There's allus more to come!"

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.
Jesus

HOPE DAYS IN FRANCE

PILGRIMAGE TO A SHRINE OF PEACE

By Train and Lorry and On Foot To the Grave of M Briand

PEACE GETS A MOVE ON

From a Travelling Correspondent

On a sunny afternoon toward the end of August children from many parts of France, as well as from Germany, came by train and by lorry, by bicycle and on foot, to the little village of Cocherel in the heart of Normandy on a pilgrimage of peace to the tomb of Aristide Briand.

When they arrived, the ceremony was a simple one; the visitors filed round the granite block which marks the great man's resting-place, stooped down to lay a flower on the glowing mound of dahlias and asters, and repeated the words *Pour la paix du monde*—For the peace of the world.

Briand's Own Words

Then a man with a very fine voice read quotations from famous French authors bearing on peace, and Briand's own words rang out once again across the peaceful valley of the Eure in many of his trenchant utterances for peace, such as "When one looks upon such a beautiful scene one wonders how men can be so wicked"; and again, "Articles written against the idea of peace are made of the same stuff as cannons."

The cinema men were there, dotted about the fields, filming the peaceful scene, and when one had trouble with his camera just as the German contingent filed past the French statesman's tomb he entreated them, in their own language, to walk round again. His call of "Noch einmal, bitteschön" sounded strange across the little French churchyard, but the lads looked up, saw the man's predicament, and did as he asked.

The Heart of France

The young visitors were entertained at tea by the Mayor of Pacy-sur-Eure, as Cocherel, where Briand used to go to rest and to fish, is too small to have its own mayor.

This celebration in Normandy was one of a series of Days of Hope which were organised all over France during August. All but two of these days, those in honour of Pascal and Pasteur, took place in small villages. The heart of France is in her small towns and villages, and it is in the heart that the love of peace grows.

The opening ceremony was held at the Carrefour de l'Armistice in the Forest of Compiègne, chosen as the most appropriate spot for inaugurating the Days with which it is hoped to help swell the river of friendly feeling that in the end will drown suspicion and hate.

A Pardon of Peace

Peace and Peace was the subject of the first Hope Day held in honour of Lamartine above Aix-les-Bains. Peasants and fishermen in Finistère joined in a "Pardon of Peace," an ancient form of religious festivity. Art and Music were honoured as factors of civilisation in the Department of Landes; and the Federated Mine Workers (French and German) arranged a Hope Day in the Moselle based on the idea of Workmen and Peace.

The movement even swept outside France as far as Geneva, where the pupils of two international schools met with veterans and wounded men of the world war on the mountains above the town under the auspices of members of the League of Nations.

A boy in navy-blue shorts and a tennis shirt, one of the guard of honour at the Cocherel gathering, when asked to explain the meaning of the *Journées d'Espérance*, replied that they were "an

JACOB SEES HIS WIFE AGAIN

TWENTY years ago a cabinet-maker called Jacob Lieberman lost his sight. American surgeons have just given it back to him.

His wife, in her prime when he saw her last, is now an elderly woman.

We are reminded of Synge's play, *The Well of the Saints*, which tells how two old blind beggars are quite content, thinking themselves a handsome couple, until a saint restores their sight. Then the man reviles his wife for being a "wizendy old hag," and she has equally cruel things to say about him.

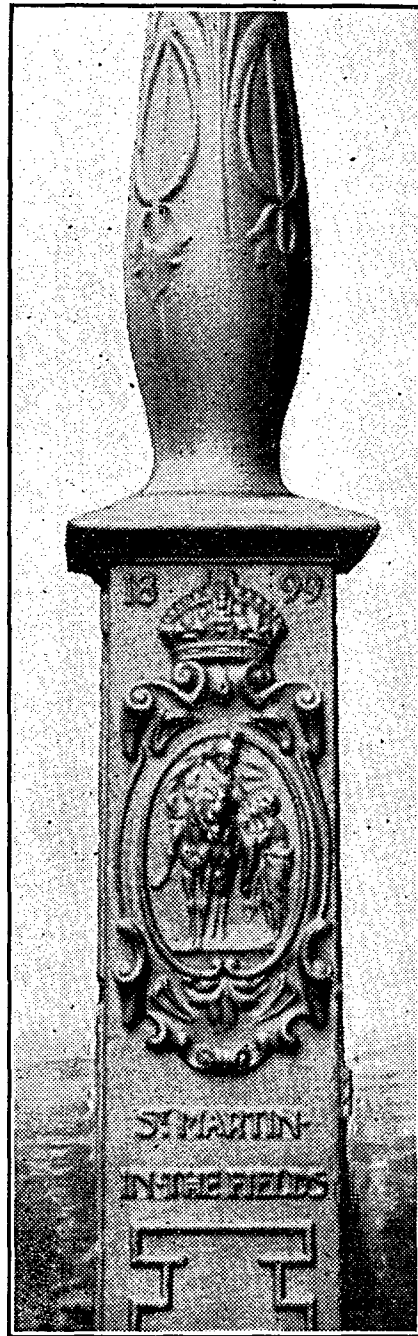
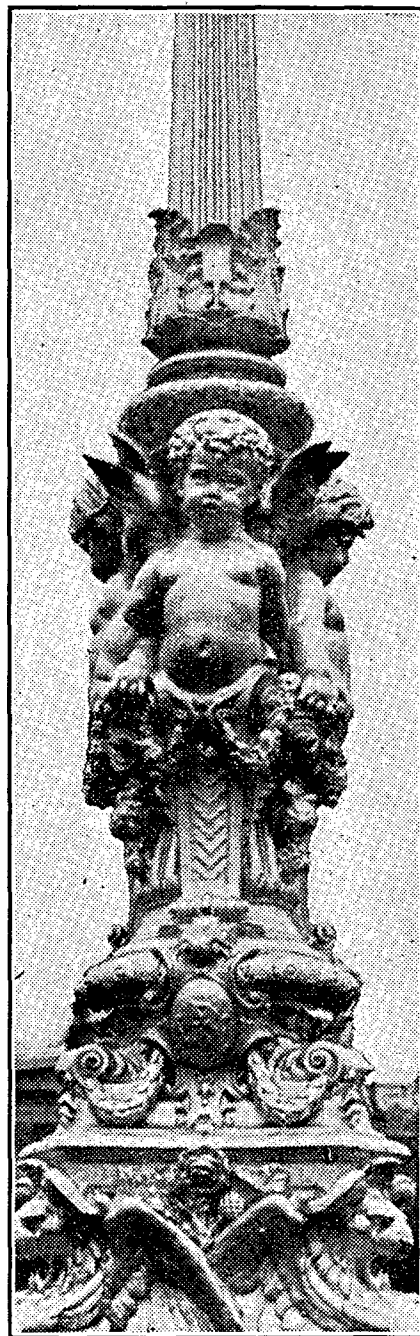
They part company till their blindness returns and draws them together again. The saint offers to make the cure complete, but they refuse.

They would rather not see the truth about each other.

So much for fiction. What about fact?

Jacob Lieberman has had the same experience as Synge's hero, and he says "the happiest thing about getting back my sight is that I can now see my wife." Love is a stronger thing than the poet had represented it to be.

TWO LONDON LAMP-POSTS



London is full of beautiful things if only we use our eyes. Here, for instance, are decorations on two lamp-posts within a stone's throw of one another in Trafalgar Square. In the plaque on the right the patron saint of St Martin-in-the-Fields, who was a soldier in the Roman Army before he was baptised, is seen sharing his cloak with a beggar.

Continued from the previous column

effort to unite and strengthen the spiritual forces of France in favour of peace, to prepare the hearts and minds of the people for material disarmament, and to create a strong public opinion that will back up those diplomats and statesmen who are working for peace."

The period of special dedication of thought to the idea of peace came to a close with a general assembly at the Château de Bierville, a magnificent property lent by Marc Sagnier, an ardent worker for peace; and here we have to record a grievous end to these happy Days of Hope, of which a sad bit of news comes as we go to press.

Some unknown people conceived the horrible idea of spreading terror through

this joyous gathering, and as 400 of the children and 2000 of their friends were gathered in the open-air theatre listening to speeches on the last afternoon, ten incendiary bombs were flung into their midst from the cover of a thicket behind.

The grass caught fire and there was a panic. Many children were burned and three seriously injured.

The diabolical jesters who threw these bombs made off in a motor-car, barring their road with a heavy chain.

It is impossible to estimate the moral and mental harm of so horrible an act among innocent boys and girls, and only medieval tales of the sudden appearances of Satan at sacred gatherings can provide its equal.

A STERN WORD FROM THE HOME OFFICE

WILL MAGISTRATES PLEASE TAKE NOTE?

The Inadequate Enforcement of Our Inadequate Motor Law

PEOPLE FRIGHTENED OFF THE ROAD

We congratulate Sir Herbert Samuel, our Home Secretary, on addressing to British magistrates throughout the country a serious letter on the need to enforce the law sternly against careless and ignorant motorists.

We are bound to say, however, that it is not enough merely to enforce the existing law, for the law deliberately allows unfit people to drive motor vehicles. Also it has deliberately removed the speed limit.

The existing law is so amazingly inadequate that when, the other day, a Lincolnshire motorist was charged with manslaughter and driving his car to the public danger, he actually appeared in court wearing an appliance for the deaf, whereupon the magistrate remarked: "Stone-deaf and allowed to drive a motor-car!"

The Law and the Licence

Similarly, there is nothing to prevent a man who has lost both legs from obtaining a licence to drive, though he obviously is not fit to do so. No matter how inefficient or ignorant a man or woman may be, a licence can be obtained for the asking. Why, then, does the Home Secretary, in his letter to the magistrates, express the belief that the existing law merely needs to be enforced? He will find on any road at any hour the greatest abuses taking place which the existing law has no power to control.

It seems to have been expected that the removal of the speed limit would save life, but in fact the number of accidents in relation to use must have increased. It is true that the number of people killed outright fell by a few hundreds last year, but the great increase of 22,000 injured is more significant. So far as can be estimated, the figures for this year are no better.

It is also important to observe that, although many pedestrians are killed and injured, the greater part of the casualties are suffered by the motorists themselves, which shows how absurd it is to say that the chief cause of road accidents is pedestrian carelessness.

What the Figures Show

In 1931 the number of killed and injured was 190,802, and of these 114,982 were motorists. Thus the truth is seen to be that motorists are killing or wounding each other. The number of pedestrians killed and wounded is smaller, and why? The answer is very simple. Pedestrians bolt like rabbits out of the way of the motorist, and on many country roads they dare not walk at all. If pedestrians had not been frightened away from the roads the casualties among them would be appalling.

If the people of our country boldly used the roads they would be killed by the hundred thousand. It is certainly high time the Home Office spoke sternly to the magistrates.

They have been far too easy with our road hogs, and in some cases the lightness with which they have regarded grave cases has been scandalous beyond words.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS

It is no good to ask people for a lot of money, because they have not got it.

Bishop's Stortford wanted a new church organ, which would cost £1000, but instead of asking for £1000 the churchwardens asked for farthings.

Already £260 8s 4d has been collected in farthings, a little more than a quarter of the cost of the organ.

SOUND AND FURY

BABBLE IN THE REICHSTAG

Strange Old Woman Who Opened the German Parliament
PLIGHT OF THE REPUBLIC

A frail and foolish old lady in Berlin who was once a bright servant girl the other day opened the new Reichstag, the great symbol of the liberties of the German Republic.

In a silvery voice this aged representative of the forces of disorder, Frau Clara Zetkin, Communist, revolutionary, emissary from Moscow, her spiritual home, denounced the milk and water Socialists, upbraided the Hitlerites, and scourged an unheeding Government, while her fellow members of Parliament listened in stupefied composure.

The Thing That Mattered

This strange old woman was in the chair of the Reichstag because she was its oldest member, and the oldest member has the right to take the chair at the opening in accordance with one of the rules of the chamber.

Nobody minded what she said. Nobody marked it; for nobody cared. She might blow like the wind where she listed. The only thing that anybody cared about was how long the Reichstag would be allowed to listen to this and similar folly. At any moment the Government might shut up both.

Thus Germany, and the wondering world outside were presented with the spectacle of an old woman shouting phrases to an assembly which the German people had elected with such fierce bitterness, and at such cost of life, while that powerful symbol of the people's democratic might was powerless.

Hotch-Potch of Parties

Inside the Chamber Hitlerites, orthodox Socialists, Communists, Catholics, and all the hotch-potch of parties which join together at times to produce a solid block, were now reduced to the state of a haggis, with no coherence of any kind. Outside was the real Government of the country, as autocratic as any monarchic Hohenzollern, and determined to do what it liked. This Government was in appearance the Chancellor Herr Papen, and in fact the military power represented by the man behind the President and Chancellor, General Schleicher.

To this pass has Germany come—or at any rate the larger part of Germany. If we inquire why a Republic strong enough to erect and maintain itself is now unable to keep its own chosen Parliament to be its representative in action and administration we must seek an answer in the German people themselves and in their conduct of their affairs since the war.

People Growing Poorer

Immediately the war was over they set out to reconstruct their social order as if there had been no war and no economic results in which all the world shared. They began by reconstructing their industries and their factories. The idea was that German factories could then undersell the world. In order to do so they ruined their middle classes by inflating the mark. At the same time they enriched the rich manufacturers.

The poverty of the middle classes spread downward rather than upward, and there is now in Germany a multitude of working classes growing poorer and poorer, and suffering more and more hardships, while a small moneyed class sits on top.

The instrument of the poor is the Reichstag, and it has broken in their hands. The symbol of its worthlessness is the silly old lady talking such nonsense in their midst that those in power can laugh at it.

Going On All the Time

A GREAT TRUST AND ITS WONDERFUL WORK

The Good That Is Being Done
With Andrew Carnegie's Millions

A FAIRY BENEFACTOR OF OUR OWN TIME

SOME of the best things in the world go on all the time, through good times and through bad times.

The Carnegie Trust is one of them, and we have just been looking through its last report.

Helping those who help themselves is the great aim of the Trust, and the 18th annual report shows a wonderful record of activities, although some of its schemes have had to be modified.

One outstanding piece of news almost leaps from the pages. At last a dream of 16 years has come true, and the National Central Library is to have permanent headquarters in London with space for about a million books. If all goes well it will be opened next summer.

A Fine Joint Effort

Last year the splendid chance came to the Trustees of buying some large buildings in the heart of the future university centre of London, behind the British Museum. If they had not seized the opportunity it might have slipped away for ever. So although it was a costly scheme they joined forces with London University College and bought the buildings, which are now being made into an extension of the College and also headquarters for the Library Association and for the National Central Library.

Nothing could be better than that these two main pivots in the great library service of this country should be housed together, and as they will be in an ideal situation the £60,000 which is the cost of this great scheme is money well spent.

In administering the grants the wise men of the Committee have had to be wiser than ever because of the great need of economy. To help scientifically, not haphazardly, has always been their rule, and many weaker organisations are now being dissolved and joined up with stronger bodies. For instance, the town libraries of Wick and Thurso, each of which had a separate staff and books, have now amalgamated. Money the Trust had set aside for special libraries will now be used in helping the National Central Library.

16,500,000 Book-Borrowers

Last year £10,500 was divided in grants to 23 town libraries. From almost everywhere there have been encouraging reports of more up-to-date methods and greater efficiency, and of a continual expansion of libraries. Only about one-eightieth of the population of Great Britain and Ireland now live in no-library districts. In 1931 sixteen and a half million people borrowed books from County Libraries. This is an increase of nearly 200,000 in one year.

The stock of volumes also shows a remarkable increase. And bigger things will happen in the future, for, as the report says, the great majority of County Libraries are still young. Soon it will be a rare thing for a villager to say, "I ain't no scholar" or "I haven't done no book-learning."

Regional library schemes, which mean the joining up of libraries of colleges, societies, and so on, with other libraries, have worked wonderfully well, and rare books have been circulating among those who appreciate them instead of lying forgotten on dusty shelves.

A third scheme of this kind has been started in Wales and Monmouthshire with headquarters in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth. Geographical barriers have been levelled in a marvellous way for isolated students. In no other country can people living in remote places have such privileges.

Anybody belonging to any village library, which has a stock of perhaps

50 to 2000 books, can now have access not only to the County Library stock of anything up to 150,000 books, but also through the County headquarters to about five million volumes of the National Central Library.

Usually a book required can be sent by post to any student.

The Playing Fields Movement has also benefited by a grant of £24,500. The Trustees are trying to secure for all time plots of ground where Margery Daw and her brothers and sisters may see-saw to their heart's content and enjoy themselves on the stride, swing, joywheel, or in the sandpit or paddling pool with which all these playing centres will be provided.

Help For Young Walkers

It is good to know that the Trustees look on the Youth Hostels Movement as the most important new experiment in social service. Last year they made grants of £8000 to England and £2000 to the Scottish movement to be used chiefly for establishing model hostels. About a hundred of these were provided during the last half of 1931 and many more will soon be ready.

Rural Preservation is also being encouraged as much as possible, and £10,000 has been granted for the work. More than 200 meetings were addressed by the Council's regular speakers last year, and many loan exhibitions were held showing undesirable and desirable kinds of rural development.

Saving Our Scenery

We are delighted to hear that a number of ugly disfigurements have been removed through the influence of these exhibitions and also through the intervention of the Trust. There has also been watchful care over housing and town-planning, and constant and successful intervention with Road Engineers and County Surveyors so that the design of bridges and the treatment of cuttings might be made in harmony with the landscape.

The litter problem and advertisement regulation are others of the many activities of the Trust. The love of music and drama is spreading, by means of their good work, to the most remote parts of the country. The help given to Sadler's Wells was one of the best good deeds of the year.

Museums all over the country are steadily improving, thanks to the Trust. In 13 towns they are being remodelled, and the Museum Association has increased in numbers from 360 to 600. Altogether the 1931 grants of the Trust amounted to £182,900.

THE ENGLISH GARDEN

Foreign visitors to England are greatly struck with the beauty of English gardens.

They find something very attractive (says an Indian reader) in people who, whatever their station in life, want to have flowers round their houses. A visit to the famous palace of Hampton Court will show how they make a point of admiring the well-laid-out gardens there. Men and women from Africa, China, Japan, and India, and also from Europe and America, spend a considerable time studying the plans of the flower-beds and taking careful notes of the colour scheme.

Oriental visitors who own large grounds of their own are particularly anxious to reproduce the Hampton Court scheme of flowers in their own homes. The old gardens of England will continue to live in the younger ones which are being born each day in different lands.

PRICE MYSTERY

THE SHEEP AND THE HOUSEWIFE

Why Do We Pay So Much For Our Meat?

THE EMPIRE AND THE HOME PRODUCER

The margin between the prices obtained by the producers of food and the prices paid by the housewife often attract attention and are difficult to understand. At the moment great interest attaches to the sorry plight of the British farmer, who obtains rubbish prices for his animals and crops.

We have often heard of sheep being sold for an old song in Australia, but we imagine that never before in modern times have sheep sold in Great Britain at such low prices as are now recorded. We learn of fat lambs being sold for 10s each in Devonshire and of lambs in Scotland fetching from 5s 6d to £1 each.

Kent gives us a report of sheep being sold at 7s 6d each, at 5s each, and even at 2s 6d!

Contrasts To Wonder At

When we turn to the current price list of British mutton and lamb we find the following retail prices per pound:

Legs of mutton	1s 4d
Shoulders of mutton	1s 0d
Legs of lamb	1s 5d
Shoulders of lamb	1s 2d
Lamb for stewing	7d
Lamb chops	1s 10d

These contrasts make one wonder.

British farmers complain of our enormous imports of mutton and lamb, but the imports of which they complain are imports which we also desire to encourage for the benefit of the Empire.

In these circumstances it would seem that the British producer stands in need of market organisation, and that there should be constant inquiry into the relation between the prices at which British sheep are sold by the farmer and the prices at which British sheep are sold as mutton to the British housewife. It is a case that we do not desire to prejudice, but the facts ought to be realised.

The Preference Needed

No British consumer of mutton or lamb would desire to buy the chilled or frozen imported article if the home product could be obtained at a reasonable price. If, therefore, inquiry shows that there is an undue margin something should speedily be done to enable British people of small and moderate means to eat the article they prefer.

It is not the case that foreign countries have been flooding the British market with mutton and lamb. As a matter of fact, between 1929 and 1931 the imports from Argentina were almost stationary, while those from Uruguay fell considerably. In the same period the imports from Australia and New Zealand rose enormously, and it is these Imperial imports which have so gravely hit the British producer.

THE BLIND FARMER

Mr Adam Graham managed his own farm, though he was blind, and has just died at 62.

He lived at Westfalls, in Durham. His clever hands enabled him to buy cattle in the market as successfully as a man with sight. He milked the cows, tended the sheep, and even drove a cart, though he must have been helped in this by a clever old horse that knew the way.

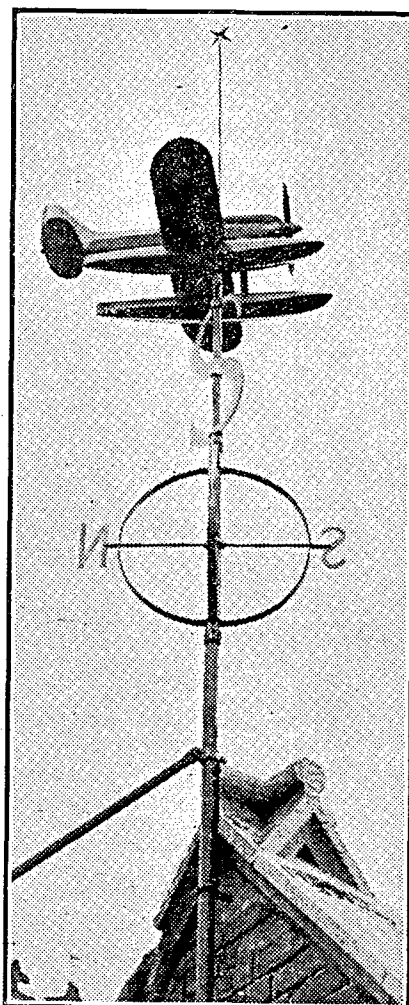
One way of surmounting our troubles is to ignore them. Farmer Graham did that. He behaved as if he were not blind, and triumphed gallantly.

More than 100,000 people visited Whipsnade Zoo during August, making three-quarters of a million visitors since the Zoo opened last year.

CANADA'S MEMORIAL · SEAPLANE AS WEATHERVANE · THE HOCKEY LESSON



Travels With a Donkey—There is at least one old donkey-chaise still in use, as we see by this picture of a little party on tour in Devon. It affords a leisurely method of seeing the beauty of the countryside.



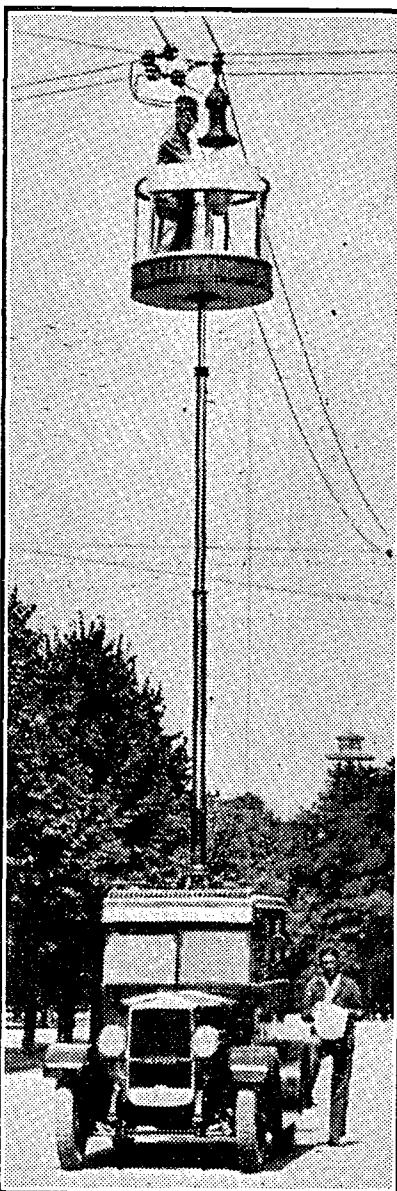
Wings of the Wind—This vane on Weymouth College commemorates the winning of the Schneider Trophy by an old boy.



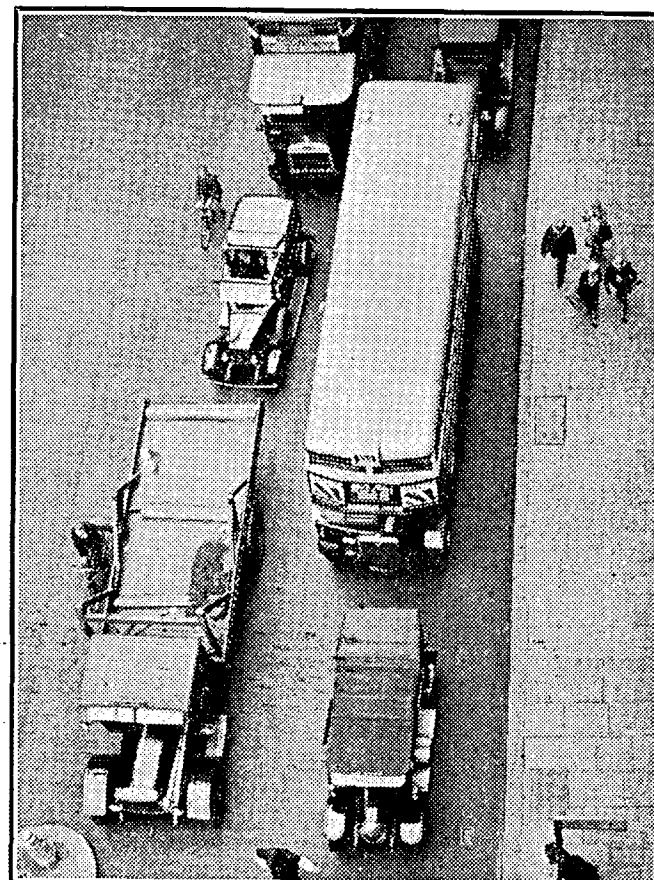
Regatta For Children—These girls, who had been rowing in the children's regatta at Twickenham, are doing their best to encourage friends in another race. The regatta was first held 38 years ago.



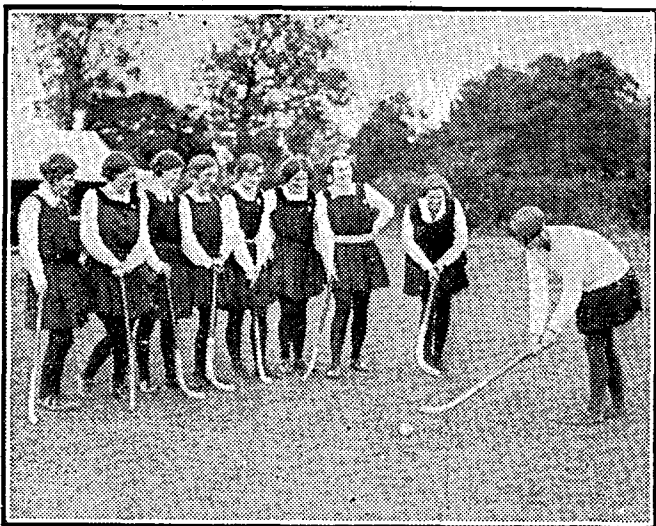
Canada's Memorial—The Canadian War Memorial is to be exhibited in Hyde Park before it goes to Ottawa. Here is part of it, with the March brothers who made it. See page 5.



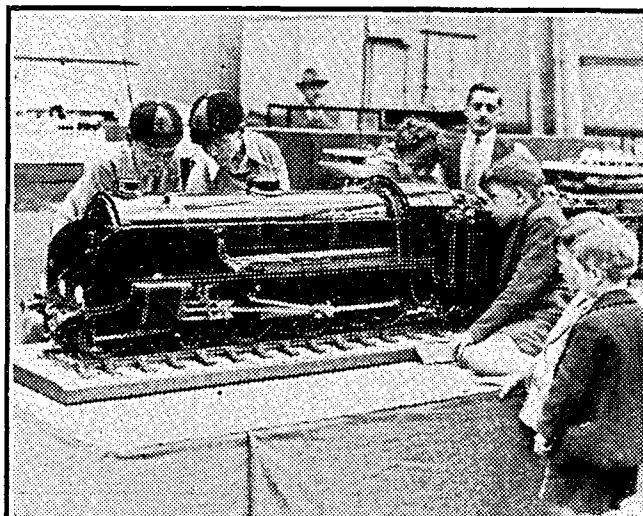
Telescopic Platform—Street lamps in Milan are reached with this telescopic platform, which is no less than 30 feet high.



A Monster of the Streets—An overhead view of a new London bus gives a striking impression of its length, 27 feet 3 inches, compared with other vehicles in the streets of the city.



The Hockey Lesson—This party of young hockey players is picking up some hints from Miss Lingwood, the English international, at Stamford Bridge in Yorkshire.



A Magnet for Boys—A splendid model of a Southern locomotive was among the exhibits at the Model Engineering exhibition. It took Mr H. L. Fell seven years to build it.

A CUP OF TEA, PLEASE

SOUTH KENSINGTON AND A LONG-FELT WANT

Let Us Go to the Victoria and
Albert Museum

THE HUMAN TOUCH

We are very glad to hear that at last the authorities are thinking of setting up tea-tables in the Fountain Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. As reviewers are fond of saying about books, this would supply a long-felt want, particularly on Saturdays and Sundays and holidays.

Indeed it is a wonder that so many thousands of people stay so long in our museums, for, as everybody knows, museums have the hardest floors in the world. There is no foot-ache and eye-ache to equal that which descends on one after some two or three hours spent in the long galleries and halls. This is the moment when a nice chair and a cup of tea would be a boon, and we should remember it the next time someone says "I would like to look at those ivories again, or those new prehistoric monsters."

Taking Tea Behind Rameses

The museum authorities are certainly glad to see us. We might not think it, perhaps, but the commissionaires at the various entrances are secretly smiling at the crowds who enter. Someone is counting heads, or letting the turnstiles count for them, and the museum that records the greatest number is proud of its place. But the authorities seldom think of our human weaknesses.

They should have seen a notice which a friend of the C.N. saw the other day, pinned near the surplice hooks in a little church, saying that the vicar will be very pleased to pay for tea for any choir boy or girl who will go to the fête (at the next village) on Saturday. That is more the spirit we should like.

Not that we expect the museum authorities to pay for our tea—it would come rather heavily on the rates—but there might be a cheery word at the British Museum, for instance, inviting you when you are tired to go behind the biggest Rameses, and there find a tea-room in addition to plenty of chairs and nice tea and cakes, not to mention ices. They might even remember that some of us are up for the day and are accustomed to having some sort of luncheon between twelve and two.

A Primitive Tea Room

It is only the hardest visitor to the British Museum who finds that door behind the Rameses; and there could scarcely be a less inviting tea-room. The public are only allowed tables which the staff do not happen to want. The young ladies who cope with the work ought to have assistants and be provided with pleasant cups and saucers instead of the kind you put under the seat in the railway train.

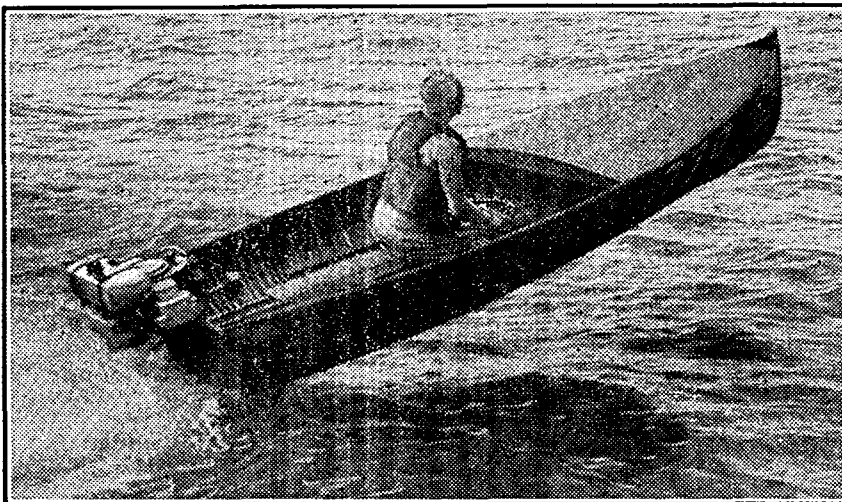
The only serious restaurant is at the Victoria and Albert Museum, intended for students, where one can always be sure of a good meal.

We know that the desire most at the heart of our museum directors, who are generally great scholars themselves, is to make people realise how many lovely and inspiring things there are to be seen in our museums, what marvels of science and history, that sometimes can make the world into a new place. If only they would realise that we are human, we get tired, and we want that nice cup of tea and a pink ice and a good sandwich!

COLSTON BASSETT CROSS

Owing to some confusion a paragraph in the C.N. about the Old Cross at Colston Bassett was made to read as if it had been returned to the village, whereas it has been merely restored.

FIVE WAYS OF GOING AFLOAT



An outboard motor-boat on the Medway



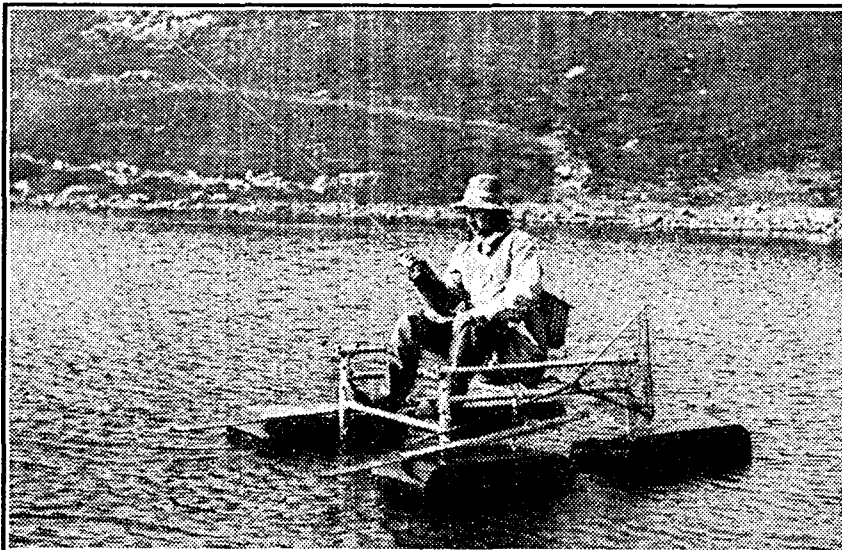
Water cycles at Stockholm



Paddling a home-made raft on the Thames at Wallingford



Two young sailors in a portable boat at Felixstowe



A fisherman's floating chair on a Shetland trout loch

Since Man made his first boat out of a tree trunk his ingenuity has devised countless ways of crossing the water. Here are a few craft that our photographers have seen lately.

COUNTRYSIDE NEWS

First Wild Garden For British Plants

GOOD THINGS BEING DONE

Fine printing and paper are not the only good things about the fifth annual report of the Oxford Preservation Trust.

This record of fine things done contains the news of two very generous gifts through which it is now possible for the Trust to buy from the Morrell Trustees 56 acres of South Park, Headington. A grant of £10,000 has been made by the Pilgrim Trust, and an old Oxford man, who does not want his name to be known, has given to the Trust the splendid present of £5600.

Transforming an Ugly Pit

Sir Arthur Evans, who has done so much through forethought, initiative, and generosity in preserving Boar's Hill, has not only made Youldbury a private open space, but has thought of an original plan which might well be copied in other counties.

Last year, as we have already announced, he had the Jarn Mound constructed especially so that people might see the great view on each side of Boar's Hill; and of the surrounding piece of land he has made a delightful wild garden for British plants, the first of its kind. Needless to say, the pit, which was dug to make the mound, has not been left as a perpetual eyesore, but has been transformed into a beautiful water and bog garden, bright with marsh and aquatic flowers.

Creating Lovely Vistas

Another good thing accomplished by the Trust is the preservation of the crown and slopes of Shotover Hill. It is sad to read that terrible havoc was made last year by visitors and school-children of the shrubs, young trees, and wild flowers, especially the bluebells, growing there, all through thoughtlessness. Visitors are urged to have consideration for others and to gather wild flowers sparingly. The wild fritillaries are rapidly disappearing from the water meadows of Kennington village.

At Godstow an eyesore of some 20 years, a number of ugly shacks, has been cleared away as the sites were bought by the Trust.

It is good to know that the Trust is looking after the interests of future generations. By the help of the Pilgrim Trust it has bought land at vantage points of the northern bypass road, and here trees planted and some of the most beautiful views in the county of Oxford preserved.

SIXPENCE IN THE SLOT AT THE ZOO

The sea-lions are very popular just now, because anybody can turn keeper and feed them. Anybody, that is to say, with sixpence to spare.

The latest novelty is a fish in the slot machine, and it is hard to say who is more diverted by it, the visitors or the sea-lions. As the sea-lions get the fish as well as the fun no doubt they think theirs is the best of the joke.

The device has been thought out by Mr G. H. Baillie, consulting engineer to the Zoo. It is an electrical machine fixed to the railings of the sea-lions' pond. You put sixpence in the slot, and first a fog-horn sounds that brings all the sea-lions in a joyful hurry, turning cart-wheels, and then sitting up on their flappers. Then a piece of fish darts out of the machine, describes an arc in the air and drops. The result is a Westminster Pancake Scramble, and a great deal of splashing and fun.

Of course in these hard times sixpence is sixpence. Perhaps Mr Baillie may think out something that will toss out a threepenny herring. In the meantime, here is a point where holiday uncles and aunts can become more popular than ever.

HOW MANY LISTENERS?

AMAZING PROGRESS

Growing Responsibility of the Powers Behind Our Wireless

THE B.B.C. AND THE BEST

By a Listener

Never was social and industrial organisation in the public interest more brilliantly justified than in the case of broadcasting.

There are now nearly five million wireless listeners, and as the number is increasing by something like 30,000 a month it is likely that the five million will be exceeded by the end of this year. That means that the Post Office will soon be receiving a revenue on this account of about £2,500,000 a year, of which the greater part is paid over to the B.B.C., the public body set up by Parliament not to make profit out of wireless, but to give the public the best possible value in return for the small sum of 10s a year, which is all that a wireless licence costs.

The Millions Who Listen

No one knows how many actual listeners there are. For one thing there is little doubt that hundreds of thousands of people still evade paying the 10s. For another, we do not know how many persons listen at each licensed receiving instrument. If, however, we put the estimate as low as three to each receiver, we have the extraordinary fact that Great Britain alone has some fifteen million listeners. If the estimate is put at four to each instrument, we get twenty million, or roundly half the population.

Does the B.B.C. fully realise the astonishing character of the powers it wields? It possesses the monopoly right to address itself to the nation, and no other agency or instrument has such an opportunity.

We do not say this to cavil at the work that is done, some of which is extremely good, but we think it only too clear from the quality of many of the items broadcast that the responsible authorities do not grasp the fact that every word, every sound, is given out to some 15 to 20 millions of people. It is probably because the immensity of the thing is so difficult to grasp that broadcasters are content often to give less than the best.

Good Jokes Wanted

When we speak of the best we mean the best of each particular kind. That is to say, no matter whether the item broadcast be instrumental music or song or news or lecture or opera or serious drama or farce or variety entertainment, what is broadcast should be the finest known. Let the lecture be delivered by the man who has not merely knowledge, but a fine voice, a clear articulation, and a happy method of communicating his thought. Let the joke be a first-class jest and not a mere pointless inanity.

Let us illustrate our meaning further by that humble but necessary item the weather report. Curiously, it has never dawned upon the B.B.C. that the proper way to report the weather forecast is to give, in the opening words, a clear idea of the weather officially expected. For some strange reason the announcer leaves that to the last, and always begins to talk about the weather by referring to technical details about depressions and so forth.

There is a general lack of common-sense direction in these matters which makes the judicious griever.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

MAKE MONEY CHEAP

What the Banks Should Do

BUILDING SOCIETIES REDUCE INTEREST

Money is now said to be "cheap," which means, or ought to mean, that it is available at a low rate of interest.

In fact, however, business men find the greatest difficulty in borrowing money from the banks for business purposes. Although the interest on deposits now paid by banks is trifling, the ordinary borrower is charged 5 per cent, even upon the highest security.

If money could be borrowed cheaply for building there would be a great stimulation of this important trade.

Building societies are reducing their interest rates to people buying houses through them. This is good, but it does not appear that old borrowers are yet getting any advantage. We hope to hear of an all-round reduction, which is overdue. Especially the poor should be relieved of high interest charges.

Business men are becoming more and more critical of banking policy, and with 5 per cent charged for loans, even when the loans are absolutely secured upon realisable assets, we are bound to say that it is high time our bank managers determined to make finance the handmaiden of trade.

THE JEW AND THE WORLD

A Geneva Conference

A Jewish Conference in Geneva has aroused a great deal of interest, its chief aim being to consider the calling of a World Jewish Congress which should be a Parliament of the Jewish People for full public discussion of their problems and of the questions which affect them.

The proposal for this future Congress was thoroughly studied during three days in Geneva, when Jews from many parts of the world spoke and the Press crowded in to listen. The idea of the proposed Congress is that it should be a forum from which to speak to the world, democratically organised and truly representative; and a resolution was passed to call it some time not later than the summer of 1934, every adult Jew and Jewess having the right to vote for representatives.

The group meeting in Geneva discussed a deeply interesting plan to outlaw anti-Semitism. When, as one speaker recalled, 14 million people in Germany have accepted a political programme which preaches anti-Semitism (anti-Jews), the situation obviously demands very serious attention. The plan suggests an international convention prepared by the League of Nations, a treaty by which Governments would agree to repress acts of violence against the Jewish people.

WHO WAS HENRIK IBSEN?

Born Skien, 1828. Died Christiania, 1906.

The failure of his father's fortune coloured the early life of the future poet and dramatist. He was apprenticed to an apothecary, but studied literature in his leisure, and before he was 21 published his first work. It was a failure, as were several others—dramatic and poetic.

He had tried his fortune in journalism and as manager of a theatre before he won fame with his plays. Love's Comedy, written in his thirty-sixth year, linked his name with the social and satirical drama, and the future held no more difficulties for him, though his works were never received without prolonged and bitter controversy.

Ibsenites see in him the stern moralist depicting conditions and life as they are; his early critics found him morbid, and a painter of things which ought not to have been painted.

THE GREAT AIR POWERS

War's New Weapon

TERRIBLE MEANS OF INJURING ONE ANOTHER

The reports at the end of last year to the League of Nations by the countries named give the following account of first-line aeroplanes:

United States	1752
France	1687
Italy	1507
Japan	1384
England	833

Thus we figure fifth in the list, so that it cannot be said that our country has taken any lead in the armament race so far as air fighting is concerned. It should be clearly understood that the 833 British aeroplanes include the machines maintained in India by the Indian Government.

The list we have given does not include Russia, because Russia did not make a return to the League of Nations. It is believed, however, that Russia has some 1300 efficient military aeroplanes, and if that is so she is fifth on the list of Air Powers and Britain sixth.

Does Flying Benefit Humanity?

The figures we have given do not include commercial or private planes, many of which doubtless could be readily converted into fighting machines in time of war. We have also to remember that it is very difficult to classify aeroplanes, and probably fighting strength is not wholly to be estimated by the numbers given.

What is abundantly clear is that the great nations now possess the means of inflicting terrible injury upon one another by flying machines, and that the very limited uses of such machines for purposes of peace are no compensation whatever for the means of terrorism which have been created. Can we wonder that so many thoughtful people deplore that science ever applied itself to the problem of flight?

TROUBLE ON A RAILWAY

The Elephant's Surprise

The railway is the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, and the troubles are reported by Mr C. M. Cack, who is in a high command on the line.

It seems that all kinds of animals, from bees to elephants, cannot resist tampering with the wires carrying the power current used in operating the railway system.

In the neighbourhood of Kalyan behind Bombay eagles love to settle on the posts, making short circuits with disastrous results.

Recently an elephant being transported by rail wondered what this overhead wire was which went with it all the way, so it put its trunk up to find out. The result was the disorganisation of a big section of the line, and the elephant is only just beginning to recover from its emphatic surprise.

Crows of all kinds make a practice of building their nests on the posts. On one part near Bombay over 90 nests a day had to be destroyed.

A CIGARETTE

The people of Paris have been robbed. They have always loved to journey out to St Germain-en-Laye on Sunday, there to enjoy the cool fragrant woods and bird songs.

The other day a cigarette end was tossed away still burning, and the undergrowth blazed up in a minute. Twenty-five acres of woods were destroyed. Trees that were long years growing were burned in a few hours.

Many generations must pass before man can make up for the careless second when a burning cigarette end was tossed away and the whole of that green beauty went up in smoke.



Your children's beverage

THE daily beverage for all children should be delicious "Ovaltine." They need the energy-creating nourishment it contains to make good the energy they are so prodigal in spending. They need the rich store of building material it supplies to ensure sturdy growth and to give them healthy bodies and sound nerves.

The cold and damp of the coming months will lower the children's vitality and reduce the natural powers of resistance to infectious illnesses and epidemics. Nothing can equal "Ovaltine" for giving them strength and fortifying them against infection.

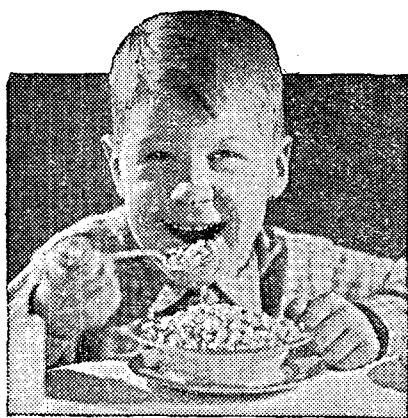
The ingredients from which "Ovaltine" is made—malt extract, fresh liquid milk, new-laid eggs and cocoa—are the best obtainable. "Ovaltine" contains no added sugar to cheapen the cost and reduce its supreme value.

It is the most economical food beverage you can buy. There is only one "Ovaltine"—there is nothing to equal it and nothing "just as good."

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

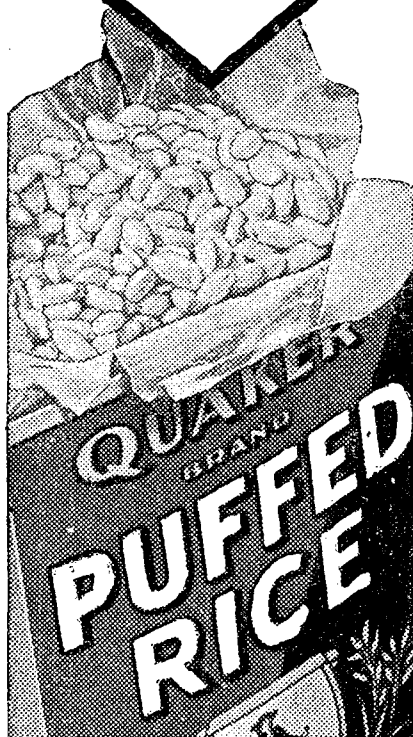


Here's the cereal kiddies enjoy

Children love the tempting flavour, while Mothers know that they are getting all the nourishment of a hot cooked cereal in a delicious appetising form. Selected rice or wheat is "puffed" into crunchy kernels eight times the normal size of a grain . . . made completely digestible.

A special "twice-crisping" process crisps them once—then again, then seals them piping hot into the new Seal Krisp package which prevents any dampness or variation in temperature affecting the contents. You will notice the difference with your first spoonful. No other cereal enjoys this "twice-crisping" process.

*Crisper, Fresher
Crunchier*



Also Puffed Wheat, both made and guaranteed by Quaker Oats Ltd., London

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

SECRETS OF THE EARTH'S CRUST

How Science Finds Out What is Under Our Feet

INGENIOUS DEVICES

Professor A. O. Rankine has been addressing the British Association on the methods of finding out the contents of the Earth more satisfactorily than with the hazel-twig of the water-finder.

These methods of examining the Earth's crust were three. One was by weighing it. Another was by finding the effect of an earthquake or earth tremor on it. The third was by noting how its magnetism varied.

The Earth is weighed by the Eotors torsion balance, an instrument so sensitive to the pull of gravity that it will show how much a bit of gold hung by one thread is attracted to a ball of lead hung by another thread. It was by a balance on this principle that Professor Vernon Boys weighed the Earth in an underground crypt at Oxford.

Very Sensitive Balance

The Eotors balance, which, in spite of the disapproval of Professor Eotors, has been used all over America to search for oil, acts by showing variations in the Earth's gravitational field at any particular locality. The pull of gravity varies a great deal all over the Earth, but the Eotors balance is so sensitive that it can ignore the massive general pull and show up only the variations caused by differences in the arrangement of the strata of the crust.

The working of this instrument, which costs £1000, and of which 200 or more are used in the United States, has no mystery about it. That is true also of the earthquake or earth-tremor method of examination, which was first employed about 13 years ago. When an earthquake takes place the shock travels through the Earth's crust as sound travels through air or water, but the shock will not travel at the same rate, or in the same way, if the strata of the crust are not uniformly arranged, or if there is a break in them.

Artificial Earthquakes

Therefore, in the seismic method of exploration of the crust, an artificial earthquake is set up by blasting off a ton of gelignite and then measuring the rate of travel of the tremor on one of the sensitive earth-tremor instruments. In this way the contours of tipped-up limestone strata, or granite foundations several thousand feet down, are found. But the method rarely discloses the presence of the mineral actually sought. It does not find oil, for example, but it finds the rock structures with which oil is associated.

Lastly, there is the magnetic method. The Earth's magnetism varies very greatly over its surface. Some ironstone rocks, as everyone knows, will affect a compass. Captain Cook named Magnetic Island because it affected the ship's compasses: and even Sindbad the Sailor knew something about these variations. At Koursk there are two deposits of magnetite, weighing probably twenty million million tons, which affect the least sensitive instrument.

Metal Divining

But the new magnetic ore-finders are very sensitive indeed, and, though they will not yet indicate salt, they will show the existence of any iron-ore rocks. When they are further improved by an application of the Eotors principle they will prove a most valuable instrument in "divining" for metals. The magnetic methods may be joined with electrical ones, which show differences of electrical conductivity underground. When both are joined to the gravity methods of research many secrets of the underworld will be revealed, without need for recourse to water-divining.

THE HERMIT OF CRADLE MOUNTAIN

A Fine Old Figure Gone BELOVED BY ALL IN TASMANIA

To retire at the age of 34 and live the rest of your life in the heart of rugged mountains, to spend your time making scientific observations, exploring the unknown country and entertaining all and sundry with magnificent hospitality, this is a life that many men might dream of but few attain. Yet one man attained it in the heart of Tasmania. He was Gustaf Weindorfer, and the news of his death has lately reached us.

He was born in 1873 at Castle Weindorfer in the Carinthian Alps, and was trained for the diplomatic service. His father before him had been a distinguished diplomat and did much to secure German East Africa for the Germans. Gustaf went through the Vienna University and, when he was 26, he went to Melbourne.

His health failed, and in 1906 he went to the north coast of Tasmania and started farming. A few years later he became a naturalised British subject and took up 200 acres of pine-clad property in Tasmania's most rugged mountains. On Cradle Mountain he built a chalet like those among his native mountains, and here he lived until his death.

An Old-World Aristocrat

He made an intensive study of the geology and natural history of his surroundings, classifying and naming the many unusual plants growing in the district. A book of these, illustrated with photographs which he had taken, was ready for publication.

In addition to this work he made daily meteorological observations with instruments supplied by the Commonwealth Meteorological Bureau, supplying them with much valuable information.

During the summer many tourists visited his picturesque chalet, and he guided them over the rugged grandeur of his beloved mountains and entertained them royally. An old-world aristocrat, he was beloved by everyone, poor dwellers of near settlements and scientists who came to talk and to learn.

He was a memorable figure, with his black beard and his intense blue eyes, and his death arouses profound regret, for he made known one of the most interesting parts of the wilds of Tasmania and his additions to scientific knowledge have been not a few.

SHORT-TIME JOBS

Finding Work For the Idle

Necessity, the mother of invention, has driven the town of Dallas in Texas to invent a plan for her handymen and women-by-the-hour that is so sensible that we should all be ashamed of ourselves to think that only a world crisis could bring it into being.

Dallas's relief funds were approaching vanishing point; something drastic had to be done about the unemployed. It was decided to canvass the town to see if each housewife could not make use of the services of a handyman or a household helper for at least two hours a week. The map was divided into 1000 parts; 100 canvassers were enrolled; and each was put in charge of ten districts to do what he could to organise the short-time jobs in those districts in order to make them support as many men and women as possible.

It was found that men were wanted in many homes for a few hours a week to do gardening, repair fences, paint, and drive cars. Women were wanted for washing, ironing, cleaning, and caring for babies.

By listing the work available in each neighbourhood it was possible to arrange a schedule so that the workers could go from job to job without wasting time and money on trams. It is anticipated that work for 1000 men and women will be found in this way.

A STONE FALLS IN WESTMINSTER

FRAGMENT OF LONDON'S BEST ROOF

The Famous Chapel of Henry the Seventh

MARVEL OF FAN-VAULTING

A falling stone has been heard all over England, for it fell from the vaulted roof of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster, that most precious treasury of a forgotten art; and thousands of people have been thinking, no doubt, how amazing and wonderful it is that stones do not fall oftener.

We have been reminded at this moment of small armies who work unseen for our care, comfort, safety, and the preservation of lovely things which are the inheritance of an old people. We think of miles of railway sleepers tapped every day, engines of all kinds tested every day, flags that float over our great towers looked at every day; trees watched, the fabric of bridges watched; and particularly we think of the architects who must keep watch on our great cathedrals.

A Simple Record

They called the architect a master builder when the chapel was planned and that simple record made

1502. This year in the month of January was the Chapel of Our Lady standing at the east end of the high altar of Westminster pulled down; and the tavern of the Sun there also standing with other housing; and the foundation begun of another chapel at the costs of the king.

Twelve years later it was finished. When John Leland saw it he called it one of the wonders of the world. It still is, and the fan-vaulting from which this stone fell is unrivalled in architecture.

The chapel was built in an age when every bit of stonework in the interior of a church was carved, traced, decorated in some way. The roof is generally considered a development of the idea of the fan-vaulting of St George's Chapel at Windsor, which was built about twenty years before it. This vaulting is constructed of thin stone, a marvel of geometry and stone carving.

The Roof Still Firm

The wonder is that some of these ornamental pendants have not become dislodged before, considering the constant vibration caused by thousands of vehicles of a weight and force undreamed of in Tudor days which whirl by the chapel every day. How can this piece of lace in stone bear that constant thundering and shaking of the ground?

The fragment that fell weighed about a hundredweight. There were people in the chapel at the time, but no one was hurt, for as it came down it struck a tie-rod, and the noise gave warning to those beneath. It has nothing to do with the structure of the roof, which is firm and excellent, it is merely part of the lovely tracery imposed upon it. The fallen piece, big though it seemed on the ground, has left a dim white spot in the roof, which gives us a reminder of the snowy loveliness of the structure when it was finished, before the dust of four centuries began to gather on the stone.

100 NOT OUT

Many happy returns to Samuel Clare of King's Cliffe in Northamptonshire, who is 100 not out.

There is not much fun in being 100 if you are an invalid, but it is well worth while if you can still be of use in the world and get about to enjoy the beautiful world. Samuel Clare has been a farm worker all his days and still does light jobs on the farm.

That is why we say he is 100 not out. Time has sent him some nasty balls, but Samuel Clare has kept a straight bat, and the enemy has not got his wicket yet.

THE FLYING HORSE OF THE HEAVENS

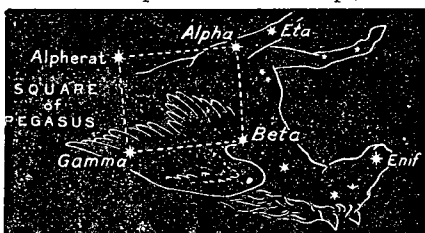
Stars of the Great Square
of Pegasus

A COLOSSAL SUN

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great constellation of Pegasus, the white Winged Horse, is just now the most striking feature of the south-east sky.

Its chief stars, being all of either second or third magnitude, are fairly bright, and may be readily identified with the help of our star-map; more



The chief stars of Pegasus, showing the Square

particularly the Great Square of Pegasus, which is formed by three of the brightest stars of Pegasus and Alpherat, at the Head of Andromeda.

The outlined figure of this famous Winged Horse shows how the imagination has devised its form out of these stars, and it will be seen that only half a horse is represented. Now this constellation originated in the mythological story of the peoples of very ancient times according to which Pegasus originated in the ocean, was tamed by Neptune, and sprang from its waves.

Like all the mythological idealism of the ancients, these owed their origin to natural phenomena and events of daily experience. Thus we see that the idea of the winged white horse Pegasus doubtless arose from the "sea-horses" which we still fancy we see springing from the sea and rushing in upon the shore in the form of white-crested billows.

This would also account for the fore-part only of the horse being shown upon the shore, as it were, of the great region of the symbolical watery constellations of the heavens.

The most noteworthy of the glittering stars of Pegasus is Beta, a sun of colossal dimensions, 170 times wider than our Sun and 13 million times farther away, with a diameter of 147 million miles.

It is fortunate that its centre is not as near as that of our Sun. If it were its surface would be only 20 million miles away, and would cover most of the heavens at noonday. But our world would then be a cinder.

Light That Travels 1500 Years

Gamma in Pegasus is the nearest, being about 2,540,000 times farther than our Sun, its light taking but 40 years to reach us. Light from Zeta in Pegasus takes over 1500 years to reach us, and probably longer from the giant Eta in Pegasus.

From Alpha in Pegasus light takes about 90 years. This is a sun nearly four times the width of ours, but about 5,700,000 times farther away. Enif or Epsilon in Pegasus is much larger; this is 116 light-years away, or 7,366,000 times farther than our Sun.

It will be noted that Pegasus is represented as flying inverted relative to our horizon; but Hercules and other constellations are also inverted. It is therefore of little significance.

This year the most important use of Pegasus will be to enable us to locate the great and interesting world of Uranus, which will be described in the C.N. next week.

G. F. M.

A REMARKABLE PIECE OF WORK

Perilous Engineering Feat
LIGHTHOUSE FOR OCEAN
FLYERS

A lighthouse set up especially for the guidance of transatlantic flyers has recently been completed under almost insuperable difficulties on a desolate reef off the coast of Brazil.

The men who carried out this remarkable engineering feat undertook dangerous work. In the first place it is almost impossible to land at all on the rugged and forbidding rocks of the reef, and when they did succeed in landing they were nearly suffocated by the smell of guano, which they had to dig away before laying the foundation for the lighthouse.

A Blind Inventor's Lamp

For this foundation they had to carry 60 tons of concrete and 10 tons of water up the steep side of a rock over 50 feet high. All the time the heat was terrible, and the men had to live on dried meat, beans, and rice for many months. They could have eaten fish, but they grew so tired of it that the sight of it made them ill.

Because of the difficulty of reaching the lighthouse when it was up it had to be of a kind which needed the minimum of attention. The lamp used is the famous one invented by Dr Dalen, the blind Swedish Nobel prize-winner, who lost his sight while experimenting. Blind himself, he lights up the seas. His lamp is an ingenious device by which the light turns itself on automatically at dark or in fog, and puts itself out when daylight comes. Human intervention is only needed once a year, and if the gas mantle gets burned out it is automatically replaced.

A NEW SORT OF RAILWAY Chance For Country Districts

These are difficult times for the railways, as we all know. But the railways may be found to have many things "up their sleeve" in the way of new ideas, and while they are closing down some of the out-of-the-way branch lines that cannot hope to compete with motor transport, inventors are hard at work thinking out new means of transport which the railways can utilise.

One of the most promising of these is the guide-rail road transport system, invented by an Indian railway engineer, Mr C. Skelton. A narrow road, or even pathway, will suffice to lay the single rail which is needed. Steam, motor-driven, or electric vehicles can run along the track. All they need to have fitted is a pair of four-wheeled bogies, one in front and one behind, to each of which is attached a pair of guide pins. These pins are mounted on roller bearings vertically, and one comes each side of the rail, so that the rail runs *between* the guides, and thus itself guides the vehicle as it passes along. The wheels, of course, come each side of the rail, and can be fitted with iron or rubber tyres at will.

It is a cheap way of laying a railway in country districts, and if adopted by the railway companies will give them a new chance of competing with motor and steam lorries.

YOUR OLD C.N.

One of our readers who runs a club for East End children tells us that there is nearly a free fight each week for her copy of the C.N.

To solve the problem of which little Londoner is to take it home with him, and consequently to make the weekly meeting a little more orderly, we beg any reader who can spare his C.N. to forward it to Miss Freda Athill, The Firs, Sevenoaks, Kent.

MR LYERLY'S BOLD MOVE

How the Depression
Ended in a Garage

From an American Correspondent

Mr J. W. Lyerly, owner of an American garage in Atlanta, Georgia, has banished the spectre of depression from his business by a bold stroke.

Last spring work had almost come to a standstill in the Ansley Garage; the eight mechanics were busy twiddling their thumbs, the foreman looked gloomy, and the porter sat with shoulders humped up by the door. With no work coming in they were all expecting the sack, or at least a stiff cut in their wages. Everyone felt thoroughly dispirited; it was not a happy place.

Mr Lyerly decided that this must not go on. A chance customer who might drop in would find the place so gloomy that he would have no desire to patronise it again. In the middle of March the owner made a fantastic decision—he raised the wages of his staff!

What Enthusiasm Did

Everyone said he was mad, but he only smiled. A month later his business had doubled; and it has been going up steadily ever since. Part of this increase is due to the efforts of the mechanics, the foreman, and the porter in their off-hours; their enthusiasm is so great for the excellent garage where they work that their friends find a pretext to bring their cars there to see what it is like.

Those who come get excellent service and their cars are returned to them in record time, for Mr Lyerly does not have to contend with sullen workers who drop their tools the moment the whistle blows; they go on till the job is finished, and often have to be begged to stop.

Mr Lyerly, himself a little surprised at the success of his plan, put a notice in the paper offering to explain it to other business men who found their affairs in the doldrums. He did not offer it as a universal panacea, but he was willing to share his experience with others for whatever it might be worth. Thus the fame of his modest endeavour soon spread far and wide.

PRISONER OF NORTH BROTHER ISLAND Poor Typhoid Mary

There is a woman in America who has done nothing wrong, yet for years has been kept a prisoner on an island of New York City; and she herself would be the first to admit that it is only right.

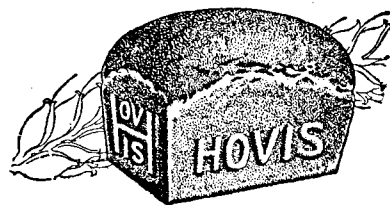
Hers is a pathetic story. Never can she mix with her fellows or join in their life, for she has in her blood the deadly germs of typhoid. She is what is called a carrier, and is known in medical history as Typhoid Mary. She has the germs of typhoid in her body and they cannot be destroyed, though she herself is immune from injury by them. Before she was sent to her island nearly sixty people had caught typhoid from her and some had died of it, though she herself has never shown any signs of the disease.

She is not altogether a prisoner, for there is certain work in the laboratories of the island hospital which is safe for her to do, but she must take all her meals in her cottage, and though she is allowed occasionally to go into the city for an afternoon there would be a hue and cry for Typhoid Mary if she were not back in her lonely cottage by the evening.

Poor Mary Mallon of North Brother Island! We would like to send her a word of cheer for the brave way in which she has accepted her fate and made the best of what life has left to her.

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THE SEEKERS

Serial Story by
Martin Cobb

CHAPTER 21 A Near Thing

KEITH clutched at Jerry's arm in the darkness.

"Look out!" he said. "Whatever it is, it's trying to cut you off from your bed!" For a second Jerry was bewildered, then he remembered. Of course, the shards under his pillow!

The flaming eyes, apparently not attached to head or body, were moving from the dark window toward the bed, which stood out into the middle of the room.

"This way," whispered Jerry, and the two boys stole to the farther side of the bed. There Jerry suddenly flung himself across to the pillow. As his hand felt round underneath it, he encountered something cold and active, which was also feeling about under his pillow.

"Ah, no, you don't!" grunted Jerry, wriggling over so as to bring his other hand into action.

"Get the pottery fragments, Jerry," whispered Keith. "I'll stand by if the thing attacks you."

By now Jerry had found the bits of pottery. An ice-cold hand was closed round them, and was endeavouring to withdraw itself from under the pillow. Jerry caught it, heard a whistling breath above him and then a smothering weight came down on his head.

But Keith was not idle. Having no other weapon, he seized a pillow and swung it with all his strength against the unseen attacker. Jerry hung on to the bits of pottery, although he was nearly smothered, and at last the ice-cold hand slipped out of his own, leaving the fragments behind.

Now that he could get his head clear Jerry sat up in the darkness, the precious fragments in his hand. They had been broken into even smaller bits in the tussle. He saw the flaming eyes glide along the wall and out of the window.

"Get my electric torch, Keith," panted Jerry. "It's in the drawer of my bed-table, on the other side."

Keith threw himself across the bed, and in a moment there was a welcome beam of light. Instead of throwing the light on the shards, however, Keith ran to the window and sent a beam down into the dark garden below.

"You're exposing yourself, Keith!" cried Jerry. "He might shoot."

"I don't think a gun is his kind of weapon," returned Keith, but he stepped to one side of the window and examined the sill. "Here's a shred of silk," he remarked, picking up something invisible to Jerry.

"You don't mean to say it was a lady!" gasped Jerry.

"No. I imagine someone has got up to the window on a silk ladder," laughed Keith. "But there was no one holding the torch," said Jerry; "and it was a curious kind of fire that gave no light."

"It might have been phosphorus," suggested Keith, turning the beam toward the ceiling.

"I say, Keith," said Jerry suddenly, "that torch, whatever it was, was dangling from a string, probably controlled from outside. That's why there was no torch-bearer in the room. Look, there is part of the string still dangling from the ceiling!"

"Um!" said Keith, turning his beam of light that way. "More tricks. Scared us, though, didn't it?"

"What scared me most," confessed Jerry, "were those flaming eyes without any face."

"Phosphorus again," remarked Keith, "like the torch. I imagine the torch was made by sticking some light rags on a bit of wood and dabbing them with phosphorus paint. It would make quite an effect in the dark."

"Give me some light here, will you, Keith?" said Jerry. "I haven't had a chance to look at these bits of pottery yet. They feel queer."

Keith brought the torch nearer. "I say!" cried Jerry at once. "They are covered with blood!"

"Yours, Jerry?" asked Keith, concerned.

Jerry examined his hands. "No, I've no cuts on me."

"Whose, then?"

"Well, I had a struggle with a hand under the pillow. I won. At least I think I did." Jerry examined the bits in his hand doubtfully.

"Somebody has been cut on the edge of these things rather badly," said Keith.

"These aren't the same bits!" cried his friend suddenly.

"What!" Keith took the bits from Jerry's hands, then, after a single glance, he

dropped them on the counterpane and groaned. "These are only bits of a broken plate. You caught that icy hand in the act of substituting them for the real five-thousand-a-year-old fragments."

"Oh, bad luck!" groaned Jerry. "Now that beggar has the lot."

"It was a neat trick. We'll have to grant him that," said Keith.

"Just how do you suppose he got that ghastly effect of the flaming eyes?" said Jerry curiously. "It froze my bones with terror."

"Painted round his own eyes with phosphorus," returned Keith. "Wore a black mask over the rest of his face, and dead-black clothes."

"Well, it worked," said Jerry despondently. "I suppose this means we're done."

"I don't know that we've any business to give it up," returned Keith. "You see, our bright and resourceful magician friend has been let loose in the country with a supply of what amounts to unlimited power—the way he means to use it."

"I see what you mean, Keith," cried Jerry. "The spells and incantations on Uncle's vase may be all rot, but if the Professor believes that they will give him control of life and death over all the people in the world he's not likely to be too scrupulous."

The two boys sat on Jerry's bed and considered for a while.

"I don't think we ought to let him get away with it," said Keith after a while.

"Just what I was thinking," remarked Jerry. "The Professor, I regret to say, seems to have got a little above himself. I move we hunt him down and ask him what he means by it."

CHAPTER 22

Keith Works It Out

THEY spent the next morning searching for clues of their ghostly visitor. In the shrubbery under Jerry's window they found a bit of silk rag that had evidently been touched up with phosphorus paint.

"So your idea of the waving torch was right, Keith," murmured his friend.

"They've left plenty of footprints," returned Keith, bending down to look at the

soft earth under the bushes. "Here's a broad, large print: Said's no doubt; and here are others with a narrow, rather pointed toe. Careless of them. Any detective would be able to trace them from these footprints."

The two boys attempted to follow the footprints away from the house, but after a step or two on the gravel path they lost them entirely.

"However, they are pointing round the house toward the drive," said Jerry. "I imagine they must have gone that way."

"Come along, then," said Keith.

At the angle of the house they found a long piece of stout string.

"Where's the string that was fastened to the board which tripped up Uncle?" said Jerry. "This looks like the same kind."

Keith, who had hidden the tell-tale board in his room, hurried into the house and came back with it. The string tied to its end was the same strong cord as that they had just found.

"Of course, we already had a good idea of who our flaming-eyed friend was," remarked Jerry; "but this proves it, doesn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Keith. "Here is the way I think they worked that flaming-torch trick. They managed somehow to get things ready in your room while we were at dinner. The torch was tied to a string hung from the ceiling, and then put out of sight—perhaps on the top of your wardrobe. After dark, when you were sound asleep, they came up the silk ladder to your window-sill. By the way, did you notice anything queer about your sill when you opened your window for the night?"

"I didn't open it," said Jerry. "The window just remains open day and night in the summer."

"I asked because I think Carrington must have had the ladder ready fastened to your sill before you went up to bed. Probably he risked your noticing it."

"I thought I noticed a bit of sticky paint on the sill this morning," said Jerry.

"The same colour as the sill?"

"Yes."

"Then apparently they painted the end of the silk ladder to make it less noticeable," said Keith. "They seem to have thought of everything."

"Magicians have a way of thinking ahead," said Jerry, with a grin.

"Um," said Keith thoughtfully. "Well, after making sure you were asleep, the two of them came up the ladder, Carrington first, in gum shoes and dead-black clothes, and probably a second mask to hide his phosphorescent eyes for the moment."

"I see it," cried Jerry. "He slipped across the room and released the phosphorus torch from wherever he had hidden it, so it swung on the string. But, Keith, that torch moved about the room!"

"Yes. I think the useful Said stood on the ladder just outside the window and manipulated it with a stiff length of wire hooked round the string. That would give the effect in the darkness, especially to anyone who had been wakened suddenly out of a sound sleep."

"But if the Professor was prowling about the room all the time," said Jerry, "I don't see why he bothered to go through all this rigmarole. Why didn't he just take the bits of pottery from under my pillow and go?"

"He was afraid of waking you. You'd have given the alarm if you'd wakened to find his hand groping under your cheek. I don't suppose he was sure where they were either."

"I think he was fairly certain," said Jerry. "If he and Said had been in my room for the time necessary to fix the string and ladder they had time to search it. Maybe they even watched me go to bed and saw where I put the fragments when I took them from my pocket."

"I suppose you are right," returned Keith. "Well, the sole purpose of the torch seems to have been to get you out of bed, so the Professor, who was lurking somewhere in the darkness, could substitute his crockery for ours."

The next trace of their nightly visitors was in the road outside the lodge gates. Jerry questioned the elderly couple at the lodge but learned little.

"No, we heard nothing suspicious," said Mrs. Smithers anxiously.

He went to join Keith, who was examining the unmistakable evidence that someone had been at Horfield Hall the night before. This was the track of a small Ford car, which had stopped before the gates, remained there for some time, as a pool of oil indicated, and had then driven off, in the opposite direction from the village.

"It won't do any harm to go and interview old Thompson at the inn," suggested Jerry. "We owe him for a broken window."

"You don't mean to tell him?" asked Keith.

"I think better not," said Jerry. "We must pay for it. But probably we can manage to do that indirectly."

"Was there ever a more curious situation?" mused Keith, as the two boys walked through the pleasant country road toward the inn. "Here we have poisoning, assault, valuable property stolen. We know who did it. We have proofs, or, at least, very good evidence. And yet we can do nothing about it."

"Patience," returned Jerry. "I have an idea that all our professor friend needs is enough rope. There's the inn, and there's old Thompson in his shirt sleeves at the door—looking uncommonly pleased about something."

"Good-morning, good-morning, Master Jerry," called the innkeeper heartily. "It does me good to see you and your friend coming, as I hope, to make me a visit. And how is your uncle, Sir William? We were all sorry to hear of his misfortune."

"Uncle is better than we feared, Mr. Thompson," said Jerry, and came straight to the object of the visit. "I hear you have had a strange visitor here lately."

The old man opened his eyes wide.

"Strange, Master Jerry? Why no, I wouldn't call him strange. A most kind-spoken gentleman in every way, though I can't say the same for his servant, who never opened his mouth in my hearing."

"Then you noticed nothing strange while he was here?" asked Keith.

"Now you speak of it"—Mr. Thompson hesitated, then shook his head. "No, nothing to speak of. All gentlemen that have lived in foreign parts have ways that are a little different from ours, and barring a pane of broken glass, which I must say he paid for handsomely without any words about it from me, he was a most quiet and kind-spoken gentleman."

Jerry glanced at Keith. The Professor knew how to win the innkeeper's heart apparently. Mr. Thompson was no more avaricious than most people. Still, as Jerry suspected, a five or ten-pound tip, delicately bestowed—

"The Professor has left, then?" asked Keith.

"Oh no, sir," said the innkeeper innocently. "The professor is still here."

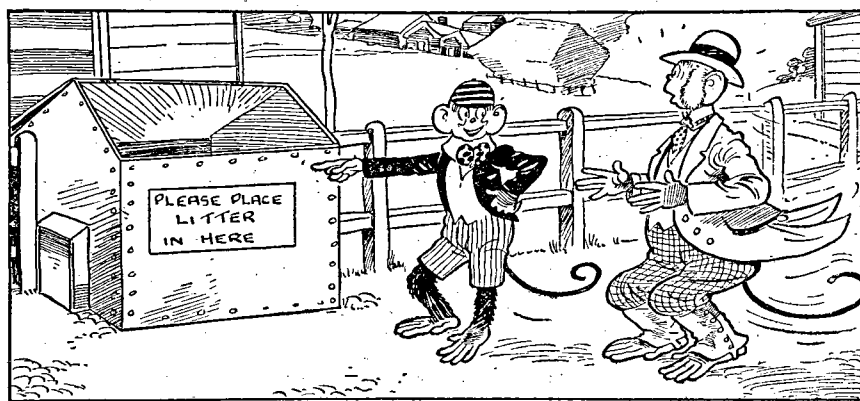
TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO GIVES A HAND

IT was a fine surprise for Jacko when the postman brought him an invitation to spend the day with Farmer Tutt.

"I won't waste a minute of it," he chuckled, bolting his breakfast.

He didn't; for in a very short time his cheeky little face was peeping round the farmhouse door.



"That's plain enough," said Jacko

"Morning!" piped Jacko. "Any jobs to be done?"

"Aye!" said the farmer. "We'll find something to keep you out of mischief!"

With the dogs at their heels the two of them set off, and Jacko was soon having a grand time among the hens and ducks—till a fierce old turkey sent him flying for his life.

As soon as he recovered his breath Farmer Tutt marched him off to a field, where a litter of little pigs were tumbling about and teasing their mother.

"Saucy little beggars!" grinned Jacko. "But what in the world are they stuck out here for?"

"Because their house has been repaired," explained the farmer. "They're

going back now; and you're going to take them," he added.

Jacko was delighted; he started off gaily with a wriggling, squealing piglet under each arm.

Later on, when Farmer Tutt took Mrs. Grunter to the sty, he found to his astonishment that her family was

missing. "Hi, Jacko," he called out. "Whatever have you done with those little pigs?"

Jacko felt quite indignant.

"Dumped 'em in their proper bin, of course," he retorted.

"What?" bellowed Farmer Tutt angrily. "Show them to me at once."

Jacko took him a little way down the road, and then stopped by a large Corporation rubbish bin.

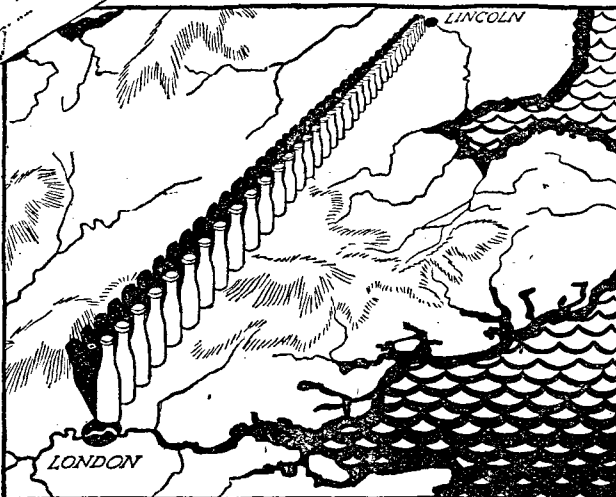
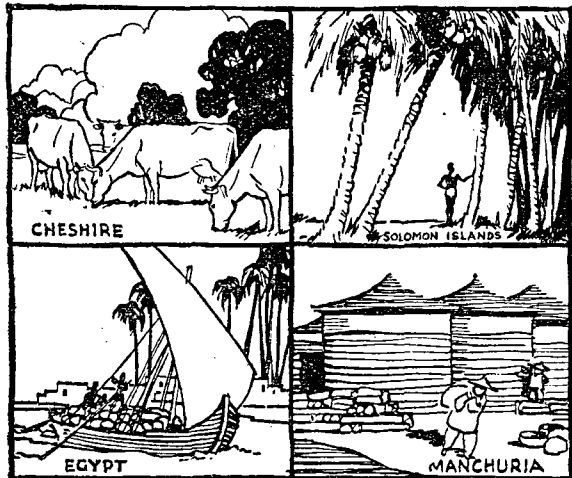
"There!" he said, pointing with scorn to the tin label. "That's plain enough, isn't it?"

The farmer looked up, and then he looked down. And then he roared with laughter, for over the heads of the lost pigs it said *Please place litter in here!*

Do you know?

That this simple packet comes from many corners of the earth?

Fresh milk from Cheshire meadows; palm kernels and groundnuts from West Africa; coconut oil from Ceylon, the Solomon Islands and the Straits Settlements; cotton oil from Egypt; the soya bean from Manchuria. All these corners of the earth supply the ingredients which go into a packet of Stork Margarine.



That enough milk goes into a margarine works in a year to fill nearly 140 miles of bottles? If the milk which is used every year in making Stork Margarine was poured into ordinary bottles and the bottles were placed side by side they would stretch from London to Lincoln, a distance of nearly 140 miles. Think of it, 564,000 gallons a year; and every drop of it comes from carefully selected Cheshire cows.

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 17, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Give and Take

IN a game in which the winner is the one who first scores sixty points Tom can beat Dick by 12 points. When Dick plays Charlie Dick wins by 5 points.

How many points start should Tom give Charlie so as to make their chances equal?

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La soutane Le bétail Le hamac
Les prêtres portent une soutane. Le bétail pait dans la montagne. Je me suis étendue dans le hamac.

Early Days

Edison. Quite early in life Thomas Alva Edison gave proof of astute financial ability.

He was newsboy on a railway, and during the Civil War he bought a thousand copies of a paper containing important war news. Gaining a little time on his rivals he sold the papers at an exorbitant price, and with the profits he bought chemicals and fitted up a laboratory in a disused compartment of a train.

Adding and Taking

ADD Y to a youth to change his sex.

Add T to comfort and then it will vex.

Take S from a twirl to fasten it down.

Add C to remainder to make a crown.

Add G to a tear to take firm hold.

Take C from a smash to make him bold.

Add R to vapour to make small river.

Add S to a fish to make you quiver.

Take T from a blow to make a swelling.

Add U to a tube to make a dwelling.

Answer next week

The Nightjar

THE Ministry of Agriculture has recently urged that the nightjar should be encouraged and protected as a powerful ally in the war on insect pests.

This bird has decreased in numbers in late years. It is rarely seen in daylight, a fact which accounts for the general ignorance of its true character. It is sometimes known as the night hawk, a misleading name which suggests that it is a danger to young poultry.

A curious habit of the nightjar is that it perches lengthwise on a branch and not across it as other birds do.

The Salute

IN olden days only freemen wore hats. Slaves were bareheaded. For a freeman to remove his hat was a symbol of allegiance and courtesy. A soldier, however, could not remove his helmet because there was usually a chin strap to it. But he would go through the form of raising his hand as if to raise his helmet, and thus the custom of saluting began.

An Arithmetical Problem

DIVIDE the number 46 into two parts, so that, if the first be divided by 7 and the second by 3, the two quotients added together shall make 10.

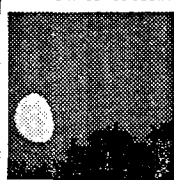
Answer next week

Violet Stones

IN the Brocken and Riesengebirge districts there are to be found some curious stones that emit a scent like fresh violets.

For years the mystery of the violet stones was unexplained. Then it was discovered that the fragrance was due to the presence of a minute alga consisting of extremely delicate threads so fine that they are hardly noticed. In fact, the growth seems little more than a roughening of the stone. Violet stones are often taken away by tourists, but the fragrance disappears because the tiny plant dies when removed from its mountain home.

Other Worlds Next Week



IN the morning Venus and Mars are in the South-East, and Jupiter is in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, and Uranus is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon at 10 p.m. on Monday, September 19.

Beheaded Word

COME, guess me in a trice;
I'm worth any price;
Behead—I'm eaten as rice;
Behead—I'm slippery as ice;
Come, tell me my value,
You'll not be long, shall you?

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Good Business

Jones £300, Smith £216.

What Does This Mean? Your reflection in a looking-glass.

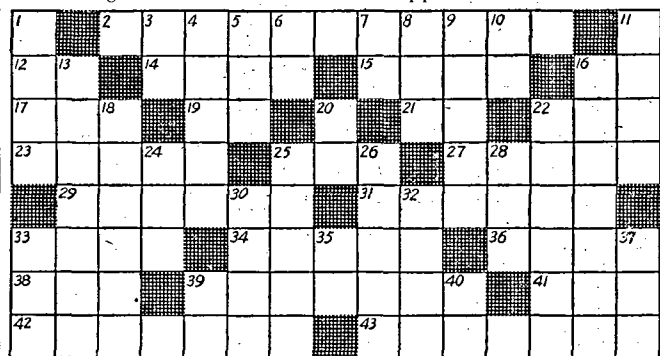
Built-up Names. Campbell, Stephenson, Winstanley.

A Watch Problem

Twenty-one times. From 12 midnight to 11 a.m. the minute hand overtakes and passes the hour hand ten times. From 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. it overtakes and passes it once. From 1 p.m. to midnight it overtakes and passes it 10 times.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which are given below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 2. Boundless. 12. Outsize.* 14. Used for rowing. 15. Big plant. 16. Child's name for father. 17. A unit. 19. French for of the. 21. Territorial Army.* 22. A vehicle. 23. A sort of treadle. 25. A variety of lettuce. 27. Remain erect. 29. A creed. 31. A painter. 33. A granite block. 34. In good time. 36. To incite to action. 38. Exist. 39. A waterfall. 41. Doctor of Laws.* 42. A high explosive. 43. A circle is 360 of these.

Reading Down. 1. A cleanser. 3. Behold. 4. Sort of dish with a long handle. 5. Wrath. 6. Manuscript.* 7. Famous motorcycle races.* 8. Skill. 9. Animal. 10. French for the. 11. A songster. 13. Natural features of a place. 16. A kind of roof covering. 18. Prepared for publication. 20. Negative. 22. Home of a feudal chief. 24. Deed. 25. Finish. 26. Mixed raw vegetables. 28. Poet's term for it is. 30. Trim. 32. Well-known port in Isle of Wight. 33. Salt. 35. Roman Catholic.* 37. Roads.* 39. Channel Islands.* 40. For example.*

Dr MERRYMAN

With Sound Accompaniment

SMITH: Young Boreleigh was saying yesterday that the dentist had to take an X-ray photograph of his jaw.

Jones: I guess it was a moving picture.

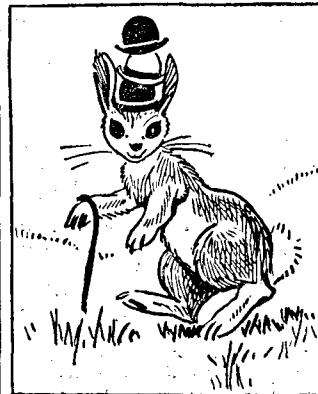
Unfair Advantage

THE meeting had been rather stormy.

"Oh, do try to talk a little common sense," shouted one of the opposition.

"That would be taking unfair advantage of you," replied the speaker quietly.

Three Times One



"ONE hat," said this rabbit, "is quite a good habit, And three hats are three times as shady."

But wouldn't it be funny To see this small bunny Take off his three hats to a lady?

A Very Long Journey

THE train was painfully slow; it stopped at all stations and in between many of them. An inspector came along and asked to see the tickets.

"But this boy can't travel for half fare," he said to a lady, "he's much too big."

"He may be now," was the reply, "but he was small enough when we started."

Quite

TEACHER: What countries are on the other side of the Atlantic? Boy: That depends on which side of the Atlantic you are standing.

His Way Out

SOUNDS could be heard from upstairs.

"Why is Daddy singing so much tonight?" asked Jack.

"He's trying to sing Baby to sleep," replied Mother.

"H'm!" grunted Jack. "If I were Baby I should pretend to be asleep."

THE LOSERS

winner as she made for the homeward bus. Then, just as she had got in she realised she had lost her umbrella. She sighed and got out. She found her umbrella but lost the bus, and that meant an hour's delay. She lost hope, and so bought two tins of peppermints.

And Widow Sarah? She married the ferryman, who proposed that evening and refused to put her ashore until she said Yes. She took some time about it—and the delay lost her the race. Still, as she had expected the proposal, she had already armed herself with two tins of peppermints.

So each lady received two prizes—but nobody knows the quickest way to market!

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE three good ladies had argued about it for years; for there were three ways from their village to the market-town, and each little woman stoutly maintained that her way was the quickest.

Many Cornish villages have three ways to market, for the sea has crept into the land there and turned river valleys into wide inlets with many branching creeks; and the villages are perched on long fingers of land that are almost islands.

Widow Sarah declared that the quickest way was the shortest way—down to the creek, row over the ferry, walk over the next finger, ferry again, and so to town.

Mrs Molly said: "Take the lane from the village right

along the peninsula until you reach the main road that runs by the heads of all the creeks; there get the bus. Easily the quickest way."

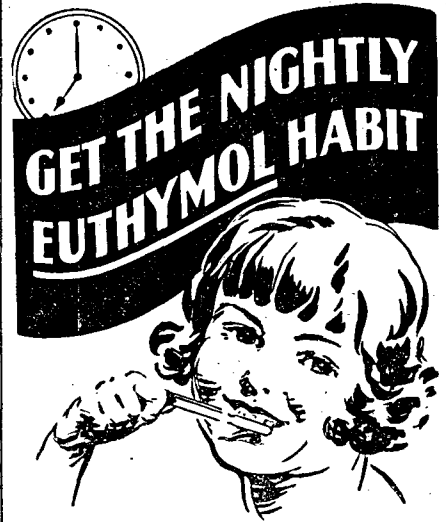
Little Miss Clara chuckled with contempt at both these ideas. "Steamer be best," she said; "walk back over to the deeper creek behind our'n, and take the steamer round the points. That be gentlest and quickest for 'ee too."

At last, to settle the question, they decided to have a race. So the next market-day the three ladies set off. Each had to go her own way to town, each had to sell her butter and eggs, each had to come her own way back, and the last one home had to give the other two a tin of peppermints each as a prize.

Widow Sarah started confidently down toward the ferry; Mrs Molly went happily along the winding lane to the main road; little Miss Clara turned her back on both of them, up the hill, then down to the little pier; and each had on her arm a butter-basket with a white cover.

As the day wore on little Miss Clara began to have doubts. She was late; she had been kept waiting at the big dairy; she had missed a steamer home, and that meant an hour's delay. She lost hope and so bought two tins of peppermints—determined nevertheless to maintain that, although beaten, her way was the quickest.

Mrs Molly sold all her butter, and was an easy



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